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The War: Bulletin, July 6, p. m.-July 13, a. m.—Southern Poland and Galicia—The Italian Campaign—Other Items—The German Note. Belgium: A Bishop's Protest. Germany: Catholic Defense Committee—Financial and Industrial Conditions. Great Britain: Women Workers—Science in Warfare. Ireland: Population, Trade, Finance. Mexico: Intolerable Conditions. Spain: Features of Conscription.

337-340

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Animal "Intelligence"—A Popular Song—The "Month's Mind" of Magna Charta—Marquette "the Impostor"—Post Impressionism....341-348

COMMUNICATIONS

The Holy Name Society—The First of Many—Catholic Scout Movement—A Prompt Answer to a Query—Reading the Scriptures—A Protest—

Censorship of Films—"The Young Man and the Navy"—Catholic Landmarks of San Francisco. 348-351

EDITORIALS

"Problems About War"—Mother Goose and "Efficiency"—The New York Sun and Woman Suffrage—Godless Science—Making Italian Methodists—Tremendousness of Trifles...352-354

LITERATURE

Rabindranath Tagore.

REVIEWS: A History of Travel in America—Natural Education—Educating the Child at Home—Ruysbroeck.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS: Coming Publications—"The World in the Crucible"—"The Song"—"Fireside Melodies"—"The Story of St. Martin of Tours"

—"St. Juliana Falconieri"—"The Untroubled Mind"—Recent C. T. S. Pamphlets—"Outdoor Sketching"—"The Nutrition of a Household." 355-358

EDUCATION

The Bondage of Liberty.....358, 359

SOCIOLOGY

A Recent Ruling on the Catholic Indian Schools. 359

NOTE AND COMMENT

A Mexican Artist-Priest—Death of Rev. William F. Dooley, S.J.—An Illogical "Catholic Layman's Guild"—The Pope and Poland—"Twilight Sleep"—The Beginning of Christianity in Canada—Italian Priests in the Army—Archbishop Quigley Dead.....359, 360

CHRONICLE

The War.—Although there has been a great deal of activity on the western battle front, nothing has been achieved by either side of any importance. In Belgium,

*Bulletin, July 6,
p. m.-July 13, a. m.*

near Souchez, in the Argonne, on the Heights of the Meuse, in the vicinity of St. Mihiel, at the Le Prêtre forest,

there have been frequent infantry attacks by both sides and in some places almost uninterrupted artillery bombardments, but the results have been extremely meager. The general situation has undergone no modification.

The Russians have rallied from their retreat, both in southern Poland and in Galicia. In the province of Lubin especially they have brought up strong reinforcements,

*Southern Poland
and Galicia*

and not only succeeded in checking the Austro-Germans, but have forced them to fall back north of

Krasnik. Between the Vistula and the Vierpz, therefore, the Russians have somewhat bettered their position, elsewhere they seem to be holding their own. To the east of the Vierpz, along the Bug, on the Zlota Lipa and the Dniester the week has brought no developments. At many points in the eastern battle line there have been isolated efforts made by the Germans to break through the Russian lines but in no place have they gained any great measure of success.

The Italian campaign has made little progress during the week. In the Tyrol the fighting has been confined for the most part to the artillery, which so far seems to have

*The Italian
Campaign*

had no appreciable effect on the Austrian positions. Along the Isonzo there have been recorded a number

of determined attacks on Goritz, all of which have been repulsed, and a slight advance in the Corso plateau, north

of Monfalcone. Elsewhere on the Austro-Italian front comparative quiet has prevailed.

The British have gained a complete victory over the German military forces in southwest Africa. After an invasion of over three months, General Louis Botha, commander-in-chief of the forces of the Union, has forced the Germans to surrender unconditionally. As a

Other Items

consequence the entire territory of German southwest Africa has passed into the hands of the British. Its disposition has not yet been determined upon. German eastern Africa is still in possession of the Germans. An Austrian submarine has torpedoed and sunk the Amalfi, an Italian cruiser, in the Adriatic. In the Gallipoli peninsula the Allies have made little or no progress.

The German note of July 3, which is the official reply to the note of the American Government of June 10, begins by reiterating Germany's profession of friendship and esteem for the United States,

The German Note

and by expressing the earnest desire of Germany to uphold the principles of humanity. It goes on to shift to Great Britain all responsibility for departures from the accepted practices of international law; and it justifies its submarine warfare on the plea that Germany is fighting for its very existence, and is obliged by a sacred duty to do all within its power to protect and save the lives of German subjects.

As for the Lusitania, it lays all the blame on the British Government, and in explanation of its failure to give warning, declares that to have caused the crew and passengers to take to the boats before firing a torpedo would have meant the sure destruction of the German submarine, that it was naturally expected that a mighty ship like the Lusitania would remain above water long enough even after the torpedoing to permit passengers to

enter the ship's boats, and that if this expectation proved false, it was because of the presence on board of explosives. Besides, had the Lusitania been spared, German citizens would have been killed by the ammunition she carried.

It declares its willingness not to interfere with the prosecution of legitimate shipping by American citizens and not to jeopardize their lives, and suggests as the means by which these two objects are to be accomplished, that Americans sail hereafter in neutral ships which, however, are to be guaranteed by the American Government as not carrying contraband, are to be marked as neutral by clear signs, and are to be announced to the German Government as about to sail sometime before the actual date of their sailing. Should a sufficient number of neutral ships not be available for necessities of travel across the Atlantic, the German Government is prepared to interpose no objection to the placing under the American flag of four passenger steamers for passenger traffic between North America and England. In this case, however, the conditions laid down for neutral ships are to be observed.

On the matter of accidents which neutral ships may suffer in the war zone Germany states her position to be the same on sea as on land, should neutrals betake themselves into dangerous localities in spite of previous warning. The note closes with the statement that "The Imperial Government will always be glad to make use of the good offices of the President, and hopes that his efforts in the present case, as well as in the direction of the lofty ideal of the freedom of the seas, will lead to an understanding."

The general comment on the note is that, though couched in most friendly terms, it gives satisfaction on none of the issues raised by the United States. As a consequence the communication has evoked expressions of widespread disapproval on the part of the American press.

Belgium.—Sometime since Mgr. Heylan, Bishop of Namur, published a reply to the German Chancellor's accusations against the Belgian clergy. This document

has recently been made public, and *A Bishop's Protest* as the German version was noted in these columns, space is now given to the important parts of the Bishop's answer as follows: Mgr. Heylan "affirms with all the inhabitants of the village, without exception, and with the entire Belgian people, that the story of Belgian *francs-tireurs* (snipers) is a legend, an invention, a calumny." In speaking of punishments inflicted, the prelate remarks that even in the supposition of legitimate repression "the chastisement is so out of proportion with the imputed fault that no reason can ever make it legitimate," and then says:

The list (of punishments) comprises varieties of seventeen different crimes, not committed in one or two isolated cases,

but almost in a general manner, and as if by system. For how can facts be considered "individual" acts which occur almost everywhere, on the same days, along a front thirty leagues long? These crimes are so numerous that often all varieties of them were verified in hundreds of our villages. . . . All these facts thousands and thousands of eye-witnesses are ready to affirm under oath, when a regular committee of investigation shall be established. . . . The German Minister considers as lies every assertion of martyrdom, outrage, or ill-treatment inflicted by the German army on secular and religious priests; and he declares that never has a German officer or soldier laid wicked hands on ecclesiastical goods or persons. Here the German Government has been led into error inconceivably. For here is the truth. About 250 priests of the provinces of Namur and Luxemburg have been shot or wounded or chased under fire, or placed against a wall to be shot, or threatened long and seriously with death, or afflicted with unworthy and cruel treatment, or deported into Germany—all in spite of their complete innocence. . . . The German Minister now says he is persuaded that the Belgian clergy, in its guidance of the people, made efforts to calm them and dissuade them from attacks. This assertion is noted, for it marks an important and singular turn backward. So the German armies made a mistake when they accused individually our priests—almost without exception—of having shot at them, of being *francs-tireurs* and heads of *francs-tireurs*, of having excited the population, organized the resistance of civilians, etc.; they made a mistake when, as a consequence of such accusations, they inflicted a great deal of harsh and often cruel treatment—and killed twenty-six priests, several of them with refinements of cruelty. . . . The Belgian people has suffered much from an unjust invasion that has crushed and bruised it. It is conscious of having abstained from all crime in the legitimate resistance which has been opposed to the invader. It is not less decided to keep a correct and irreproachable attitude during the invader's occupation. What it will not suffer is that its good name should be stained by calumny. It addresses a pressing and suppliant appeal to the impartiality and justice of honest conscience and neutral nations.

Germany.—A committee of 77 prominent Catholics has been formed to answer the charges brought by French Catholics against Germany. The Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne, together with the Cardinal Archbishop of Munich

Catholic Defense Committee are said to have protested at Rome against these accusations. Because of the largely political nature of the campaign it was thought best, however, to leave the controversy in the hands of representative Catholic laymen. Attention is called by them to the great religious awakening which took place throughout Germany at the beginning of the war. "The entire nation felt that it was one with its Emperor, who in the hour of greatest need turned to God, as the people themselves were minded and willed to turn to Him." A description is given in particular of the edifying example of German Catholics:

With deep and genuine piety the millions of Catholic warriors approached the Sacraments before their departure. In countless parishes hardly a single man absented himself. This religious fervor of our soldiers did not slacken amid the trial and dangers of war, as the army chaplains testify. Such warriors are not capable of perpetuating the shameful deeds of which they are accused. No one who even superficially understands the morality and moral strength of our people, who has witnessed

the heroism and spirit of Christian sacrifice with which our young men have gone forth into the field, can possibly conceive the monstrous idea that "barbarism" could find place among the German troops.

A standing committee, composed of leading Catholics, has been formed "to ward off all old and new attacks" and offer "a thorough and detailed refutation."

The spirit of the German people can perhaps be judged best by the promptness with which the payments on the second war loan were made. Of the entire sum, amount-

Financial and Industrial Conditions ing to 2,275 million dollars, 1,957 millions had already been paid by May 22, or 86 per cent. of the entire issue. Germany's strong financial position at the present moment is due mainly to the German people themselves who have mobilized the entire resources of the nation. "I have no hesitation in saying," the Imperial Treasurer remarked on this point, "that there will be no end to our resources unless one can imagine a time when the entire visible wealth of the nation, credit as well as silver and gold, is consumed." It is interesting to note likewise that manufacturers are keeping an eye upon the great possibilities of commerce at the closing of the war. "It seems desirable," a member of the German machine industry recently stated, "to prepare now for the rush of orders by enlarging plants with proper equipments, thus keeping the machine industry in operation during the war." The lack of orders in regular products is offset by large orders from the military authorities. The elimination of the middlemen from these transactions is greatly to the advantage of both the manufacturer and the purchaser. German export and import business has suffered greatly, though it has not ceased entirely. Defect in the latter is partially supplied by the fact that in the occupied parts of Belgium, northern France and Russian Poland cotton goods and raw cotton have been found in such quantities that the army and navy will be amply provided even in case the war should be prolonged for a considerable time.

Great Britain.—Some difficulty is anticipated by the labor unions, consequent upon the introduction of women workers. In a speech at Nottingham, J. H. Thomas, member of Parliament, and secretary

Women Workers for the unions, said that since, in his opinion, woman labor "had come to stay," it was imperative to take steps that its introduction should not be used as a pretext for a general lowering of wages. The only Government department which has made any great effort to avail itself of the services of women is the Post Office, which now employs about three thousand. It is said on the authority of a high Post Office official that the women do their work very well; "they work quickly and accurately and are very conscientious."

Sir William Ramsay, Sir Archibald Geikie, Sir William Mather, and other scientists, have offered their services to the Cabinet. "The essential feature of the war,

Science in Warfare they say, is that it is waged by science entirely. England started the struggle under an immeasurable handicap, because she had neither imagined the part modern science would play in warfare nor had taken measures to equip her armies for this type of contest. Our plan is to form a small central committee composed of the most eminent men in science. With the organization of the British Science Guild behind them, these men will form committees of experts in their own branch of science. Then should the Cabinet submit a problem, the central committee will consider it and hand it over to the departments best fitted to solve it." It is possibly as a result of this plan that Lord Fisher, who resigned as First Sea Lord, has been appointed Chairman of an "Inventions Board," which is now being established to assist the Admiralty in relation to naval requirements.

Ireland.—In a recent lecture at the Gaelic League's Irish Industries Exhibition held in New York, Mr. J. L. Fawsitt, secretary of the Cork Industrial Development

Population, Trade, Finance Association, gave the following statistics worth remembering: In 1841 the population of Ireland was 8,196,597; in 1913, 4,379,076, a decline of 3,817,521. In that same period emigration carried off more than 4,000,000 people; in the last twelve years Ireland has lost by emigration alone 377,349 of her children, more than now inhabit County Cork. In 1914 only 20,814 persons emigrated. Side by side with the fall in the population there has been a marked decline in tillage. Of 20,371,125 statute acres in Ireland 60 per cent. are under grass; in 1851 there were 5,858,951 acres under corn and green crops and flax and hay; in 1913 there were only 4,814,571 acres under similar crops, a decrease of 17.8 per cent. This year, however, there is more land under tillage than at any other time during the last fifty years. The fisheries give a comparatively small yield to Irishmen. Ireland's sea-line measures 2,500 miles, yet in 1913 the yield to Ireland was only 676,392 cwts., valued at less than \$1,500,000. In the same year Scotland with a sea-line one-fifth the size of Ireland's, had a yield worth \$15,000,000. Despite common opinion money is not scarce in Ireland. In 1894 the deposits and cash balances in Irish Joint Stock Banks stood at \$188,035,000. In 1914 this figure had increased to \$330,840,000, a gain in such deposits in twenty years of roughly \$150,000,000. In Irish Trustee Savings Banks in 1894 the deposits to the credit of Irish accounts totaled \$9,910,000. In 1914 this figure had increased to \$12,795,000. To the credit of Irish depositors in the Post Office Savings Banks in Ireland there were \$24,885,000, in 1894. In 1914 such deposits had been increased to \$63,740,000. Taking all such deposits in all banks in Ireland in 1914 we find that Ireland at the end of that year had \$407,375,000 to its credit. The increase in such deposits in the twenty years quoted amounted to \$189,545,000. The sad aspect of this phase

of the subject is that the great bulk of this huge sum of money is, practically speaking, lost to Ireland since the sums to credit in both the Trustee Savings and the Post Office Savings Banks are all sent to England where they are invested in English concerns. The statistics concerning Ireland's external trade though probably not entirely exact, are most interesting. For instance the value of Ireland's external trade in 1904 was estimated at \$521,234,735, with the value of the imports exceeding that of exports by roughly \$25,000,000. In 1913 Ireland's total external trade was estimated for that year at \$737,797,800, being an increase in value of \$216,563,065 in the ten years under review. Moreover the value of exports in 1913 exceeded that of imports by \$1,100,000. Irish farm produce exports have an annual value of approximately \$185,000,000; in 1913 the live stock exports alone totaled \$100,000,000. The annual value of other exports such as raw materials is much greater than that of agricultural products. The total Irish capital sunk in Irish railways amounts to \$230,000,000; the total working expenditure represents 63 per cent. of the total receipts from all sources and in 1912 the net receipts amounted to \$8,400,000. When it is considered that the country is rich in coal and iron mines, slate and marble quarries the outlook is not so bad after all.

Mexico.—Strife and famine are still dominant in Mexico; battles occur frequently, and though destructive, they are working less harm than famine. Early in the week many American consuls sent alarming reports about the unspeakable conditions that obtained in various parts of the country. One despatch stated that supplies in northeastern Mexico would last only a few days and added: "It will be but a few weeks before the entire northeastern part of Mexico will be dependant on its northern neighbor, the United States, for the lives of all non-combatants." In the *New York Tribune* of July 6 an American, long resident in Mexico City, has this to say:

It is equally impossible for Americans to realize how awful a famine is being experienced by Mexico now. Hundreds of men, women and children are starving by the wayside. No one has dared to tell the truth so far. I am glad I can, but if it should be known who it was that was telling you this there would be damnation to pay. It will be charged that I have an axe to grind: I have none. My firm is not in politics and has all the financial backing it wants and needs. I am telling nothing but God's own honest truth, and I am telling it because my heart bleeds for those poor millions of Mexicans who are being massacred.

Despite all this, Carranza is not only exporting food, but what is perhaps worse, persists in his usual misrepresentations. The activities of the Red Cross are deprecated and despatches are sent broadcast to tell how the workmen of Vera Cruz marched in protest against relief measures. All this agitation is, of course, factitious.

In speaking of general conditions in Mexico City the American quoted above says:

Obregon packed several trains full of women and sent them to the soldiers in the southern part of Mexico. One hundred and sixty-eight priests, with their hands tied behind their backs, were driven like oxen through the streets of Mexico City and then publicly horsewhipped. Zapata is in control of the city now (July 6), but Zapata himself is just as great a bandit as Carranza or Villa. He has with him a large number of the most primitive men in the country, most of whom are not even able to speak Spanish. They are little more than beasts and they are cowardly to the bottom of their rotten hearts. Zapata can not remain in control of Mexico City, for his men would turn and run if a real army opposed them.

But the greatest possible wrong that is being perpetrated against the people of America is the withholding from them of the truth. Their own countrymen are constantly threatened by death. It would not surprise me to learn that my compatriots had been massacred. The State Department at Washington knows this. The agents it has sent to Mexico have been either fools or rascals—most of them the latter. The information that Washington has in its hands now, which is not revealed and which never will be disclosed to the American people, would open our eyes wide and make us think a little more seriously of the Mexican situation.

Spain.—Up to two years ago conscription existed in Spain to a limited extent only; then the law was changed in such a way that difficulties arose for the ecclesiastical authorities. The Sacred Congregation legislating for Italy, had decreed that those not exempt from active military service could not be admitted to sacred Orders or solemn religious profession, before the end of their barrack life. As conditions in Spain appeared similar to those in Italy, a commission was appointed to consider the Spanish problem. The report recently issued is as follows: Individuals of certain missionary Congregations are regarded by law as fulfilling their three years' military service by exercising the sacred ministry for that period, in the Spanish missions of Africa, the Holy Land, America, the far East or other places determined by the Government. In war time priests and religious not included in the first provision, will be attached to the sanitary service connected with the army, acting as doctors' assistants, infirmarians, etc.: in time of peace the religious just mentioned may act in the same capacity or be employed as teachers in primary military schools; in the latter case they will not live in the barracks. In time of peace priests will perform their military service by acting as chaplains in the barracks, in military hospitals, etc. When these conclusions were sent to Rome an answer was returned to the effect that provincials might decide whether their subjects should take solemn vows before the end of the military service just described; but in the case of seminarists the bishops were advised, though not commanded, to have the students comply with their military obligations before ordination. There is general satisfaction with these phases of the new Spanish law of conscription.

Features of Conscription

TOPICS OF INTEREST

* Animal "Intelligence"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I enclose what purports to be an account of the doings of some dogs "who talk." Please give me information relative to the following points: First. Is the testimony of the men mentioned in the report trustworthy? Second. As a matter of fact, did the things happen as therein reported? Third. Is it an article of faith that no brute can reason? Fourth. Assuming that the reported phenomena are real: (a) How do they tally with Christian philosophy? (b) How explain them? Any other information which you may think proper to give, will be gratefully received.

INQUIRER.

"INQUIRER'S" questions are best answered perhaps, by a comparison of brute with intelligent cognition. A dog and a hungry savage simultaneously catch sight of a piece of meat. Each is an *animal*, each has more than a speculative interest in the object of vision; each *knows* the meat and, in so far as he can, intends to make it his own. What is the difference in their respective cognition and in the conduct depending thereon?

The answer in a word is this: the dog's knowledge is *necessarily* concrete and material, his subsequent conduct necessitated; the man's may be abstract and spiritual, the conduct depending thereon, free. Yet in both, up to a certain point, the process of cognition is the same. There was the impression made on the eye of each by the object, with a consequent modification of the faculty of sight, till ultimately in the imagination of both brute and savage was lodged the picture of "this meat," *i. e.*, meat of such a color, shape and size. Beyond this, however, the parity can not go. For, while the savage can as yet rise to a higher order of knowledge, the brute can not. For him the object must ever remain particular and concrete. Whether grotesquely large or impossibly small, it will be ever but an image in the phantasy, concrete, material and sensitive, with the distinctive properties of some particular piece of meat.

But all these individuating marks the savage could omit from his concept. He could strip the picture in his imagination of everything that made it *this* meat and retain only what it shared with all others of the same species, that is, its essence. He could know it not only as this concrete food in this place and at this time, but as "meat" or "food" or "good" in general. He could reflect upon it, though the chances are great that he would not, and thus learn how many other things he could class with this as "food." Concomitantly he would have the power to deliberate, to perceive a relation, say between this as a means and the satisfying of his hunger as an end. In a word, the savage can abstract, can perceive immaterial things or material things in an immaterial way; which is only saying, in other words, that he is intelligent.

Nor does this difference appear only in the apprehen-

sion of the object by the brute and man respectively, but it runs over into the consequent course of action making the dog a necessary agent and his fellow-forager free. For hungry as the savage may be and clamorously as his animal nature may manifest itself, he can yet see some good in not eating, can deny himself and relinquish to the dog, if he will, the food in question.

For the brute, however, this course of action is impossible. With all necessary conditions fulfilled, the dog hungry and the meat wholesome, the irrational animal must eat. It is an innate impulse of his nature necessary and imperative. He is as incapable of a "hunger-strike" as most people are of understanding its efficacy. Such an action we term instinctive and the principle whence it flows, "instinct" or "that sensitive impulse which induces a being to perform certain actions the suitability of which is beyond the perception of the agent that performs them." It is sufficient for a hungry dog to eat wholesome meat, though the dog does not know it. And it is here precisely that non-intelligent and intelligent cognition differ. The savage does know, or can know, the suitability of his action, for while instinct is "unconsciously adaptive of means to an end," intelligence is consciously so, and though the term "instinct" has been variously and wonderfully taken, it is probable that all who deny intelligence to brutes, will concur in admitting the process just described as the ordinary and simple psychology of the brute in the circumstance given, differ though they may as to the name.

The process becomes more complicated, however, when the image brought in by the external senses awakens a sensitive memory of a previous experience, say of pleasure or of pain. Then may be evoked the sensitive recollection of some circumstances connected with that former pleasure or pain as, for example, the opening of a door to obtain food. And here, according to our opinion, is the key to the explanation of the many extraordinary things animals may be sometimes brought to do. Upon this association of material pictures, together with the simpler impulse of instinct explained above, and upon no higher *principle* depends animal "intelligence." Reason demands that we be economical philosophically as well as socially and commercially and our reason for denying intelligence to brutes when a less precious principle will suffice, should appeal with peculiar emphasis to an age as practical as is our own. Angell, in "Chapters from Modern Psychology," Lecture 7, writes:

The evidence thus far in hand indicates that the "try, try again" or trial and "error method" is the all but universal method employed by animals in problem solving. Animals like "Clever Hans" may for years deceive people into believing that they possess human powers of computation, but it is certainly not going too far to say that the more completely each case is scrutinized, the more improbable does it appear that animals in general think in the way human beings think.

John Burroughs is convinced of the same from observation:

I grant that you can prove in your laboratory(?) that animals do not reason. . . . But the observer in the field and woods, if he exercises any reason of his own knows this. We see that the caged bird or beast does not reason because no strength of bar or wall can convince it that it can not escape. It can not be convinced because it has no faculties that are convinced by evidence. It continues to dash itself against the bars not until it is convinced, but until it is exhausted. Then slowly a new habit is formed, the cage habit. When we train an animal to do stunts we do not teach it or enlighten it in any proper sense, but we compel it to form new habits.

Yet though we are firmly convinced that to explain animal wonders, nothing is required but instinct and a good sensitive memory, it is by no means always easy to apply the principle and explain, in a given case, precisely how an animal acts. The difficulty is heightened when we remember that of the "intelligent brutes" forced upon the public of late years many have been pure frauds, such as "Clever Hans," who lost his "intellect" and his master simultaneously, while into the actions of others sympathetic bystanders have projected their own psychological states.

The case of the dog "Rolf," cited by "Inquirer," must, I fear, be almost wholly explained on some such hypothesis as this. At any rate it is not too much to say that if the doings of "Rolf" be stripped of some palpable impossibilities, and be viewed without the projection of the narrator's personal psychology what remains is easily explicable by instinct and sensitive memory. "Rolf's" history, as given by "Inquirer," is briefly this: To all appearances an ordinary terrier, as such only was he known, until one day during the lessons of his mistress's children he crept out from under the table "with so human a look" that he was forthwith asked, "How much are two and two?" and he promptly answered by rapping four times with his paw. This talent recognized, he was then educated until the extraction of cube root and the ability to spell and converse were numbered among his accomplishments.

The "human look" of the dog is a good example of the observer's reading his own mental state into the animal's appearance, especially when it is remembered that this "human look" was the first inkling of the dog's extraordinary ability. Into the category of the impossible must be relegated such details as "Rolf's" distinction between *essen* and *fressen*, as likewise the extraction of cube root and the spontaneous utterance of wit and wisdom. There is nothing in the testimony given to prove the *intelligence* in such actions, granted even their existence. To explain what the witnesses saw and heard we need but to remember that the so-called "education" of the dog was but training, that is, an appeal to instinct and sensitive memory. And granted, if you will, in this particular brute some exceptional disposition of the larynx we may admit that "Rolf" "talks." But so do parrots; and the marvel is that while parrots are proverbials of stupidity, "Rolf" is endowed with intelligence.

So it seems that this dog's intelligence, no less than

that of the innumerable other brutes the last decade or so has brought forth is intimately and causally dependent upon human intelligence. He is wonderful only in so far as all the others have been wonderful: examples of infinite *human* patience and of a perfection of which even sense cognition and instinct are capable. His spontaneity is that of previous preparation; his intelligence that of his trainer, who has seen to it that a given sign or sound will stimulate the dog to an action, with which in the dog's sensitive memory this sign or sound is associated. And hence philosophically there is no reason for endowing "Rolf" with the spiritual soul which intelligence would presuppose, and moreover, the practice of the Church is such that we can not believe a brute capable of thought which is associated with the possession of the simple, spiritual substance which is designated by the words, soul. Then too, brutes in general are so marvelously stupid that the cleverness of the exception is accentuated, while most people will be willing to dismiss the whole difficulty with St. George Mivart: "If brutes were intelligent they would soon tell us they were."

GEORGE D. BULL, S.J.

A Popular Song*

THE popular song, to deserve its name, has the immense handicap of attempting the impossible. It must try to please everyone. When Ben Bowen, writer of lyrical titbits, sits down to carpenter some verses and a chorus, he must keep in mind the adolescent mentality of Willie, the messenger boy, not less than the trained if weary brain of the Honorable Jackson, bank president, who soothes his tired nerves with talking machine renderings of the "latest." When Bianco Blanco runs his hands through his hair in search of a melody, he must find one that Sadie, who wraps bundles, may hum at a single hearing, without forgetting the more fastidious taste of Mrs. Flushon Coyne, who reads papers on Beethoven after an exhilarating afternoon at the vaudeville.

The problem of a true popular song would be impossible were it not that there is really a vast audience whose tastes in this matter are not so widely diversified. One does not expect Wagnerian depth of harmony in a popular song, any more than one looks for Miltonic sublimity in an Austin Dobson villanelle. A popular song is merely intended for amusement and the lightest sort of recreation. It is a musical witticism or a bit of simple pathos which is popular only because it touches closely the emotions shared in common by bootblack, banker, baseball player, biologist and bibliophile.

The popular song bears much the same relation to genuine music that a limerick or an anecdote bears to literature. It is easily grasped; it is easily remembered and—thank Heaven!—easily forgotten. It is best when

*Third of a series of four articles.

it is truest, and it has served its ultimate purpose when it has added its tiny grain to the sum of human happiness. The difficulty of pleasing a really diversified range of tastes is not, then, insurmountable. Gilbert and Sullivan of the dear old days, did it with something approaching perfection; Blossom and Herbert in their original operas set fresh twists of thought to dainty bits of melody.

But it is a difficulty that can not be solved by the writer who devotes the fifteen minutes before lunch to his latest song. It requires thought, a certain degree of artistic insight, and a very fair amount of application of the first copy to the grind stone. And because it is easier to dull public taste by mere frequency of repetition than to write songs that deserve popularity, the ideal popular song is becoming rare enough to deserve a place in the Smithsonian Institute.

Two things I consider to be indispensable to a popular song, an idea, musical and lyrical, and lightness of touch. If you think that remark about the idea just a bit obvious, be good enough to glance over the files of any music publisher. A gold mine that assayed to the ton no more in gold than the output of some publishers assays in ideas would be thought fit only to sell to widows and orphans. Unless the idea is really fresh, it is not an idea, but a memory. Personally, I prefer the original though old, to the paraphrase with the smell of wet ink making redolent its pages.

Given originality of melody and theme, the musical idea may for the moment be dismissed. But in passing, I beg the potential composer to cast a thoughtful glance at the brief scale of twelve distinct notes that is his building material. Genius will, without repetition, produce from that tiny gamut, melodies and harmonies fresh with the freshness of recurring spring. But mediocrity can not hope to compose much and compose with unimpaired novelty. The facility of modern music printing and the insatiable cry of the public has led one popular composer to repeat his first big success with exasperating frequency; while the identical rhythm has lilted through the strains of a half-dozen rivals. For all his marvelous fecundity, Schubert's melodies have about them a disappointing unevenness. Schubert had a modern failing: he wrote too much. But you may scan the files of the best popular publishers without finding one distant relative of Schubert.

The lyrical idea is what should, though often enough it does not, determine the style of the whole composition. The music is a setting for the thought; the thought is not a mere unimportant addition. Music though an independent art must, when joined to verse, serve and be mastered by it. So much so, that with but little left us of the music of Greece, we still feel in the lyrics that time has spared us, the strong sense of rhythm and lilt that must have dominated the music. This may be hard to understand when one recalls the entranced audience who listen to a grand opera sung in French, German or per-

haps, for all they know, Sanskrit. But, to take a familiar instance, it is the passionately dramatic story of Goethe's "Faust" that gives form and character to the music of Gounod's opera. The music of the "Jewel Song" could certainly not be sung to the lyric of the "Soldiers' Chorus."

The lyrical idea should be true. When the wit of a humorist is remembered beyond the echo of the first burst of laughter, it is because that humor has been rooted in the depth of human nature. And when like Burns, the poet touches the emotions ever so lightly, the length and intensity of the verse's appeal will be in exact proportion to the truth that calls forth the pathos.

Nothing is more disgusting than the forced humor of many modern lyrics, unless it be the maudlin sentiment of others. How any one can be amused at "Adam and Eve had a Wonderful Time," or touched by the cheap and tawdry pathos of "The Curse of an Aching Heart," passeth my imperfect understanding. Such lyrics are as false as paste diamonds and far less durable. They are as destructive of good taste as "yellow-backs" and rouge. The lyricist whose aim is to make even a popular song something worthy of an intelligent man, must write his humor and his pathos from his heart, and that heart must be sound. Truth and sincerity are as indispensable here as they are in any production bordering ever so remotely on the realm of art.

It's a long way from the delicious humor of Lamb to the flaring parodies of the comic supplement—a way longer than can be measured in sticks, yard, metric or slap. In fact, it is just the distance that lies between lightness of touch and broadness of humor. The first suggests a delicacy of wit, a nice perception of the value of allusion, the pen of J. M. Barrie, and the pen of Gibson before the *Cosmopolitan* spoiled him. The latter recalls the unrestrained guffaw, the point boldly protruding from the scant folds of the story, the jests of Joe Miller and the pencil of F. Opper. The first demands a reaction on the part of the auditor; it requires a bit of mental fence, a moment of give and take when the reader matches his wits with the author and a spark flies. The second requires only the cooperation needed for the use of a jester's bladder; something to hit, and by preference, something hard. Breadth of humor and pathos administered in emergency doses are features common enough in popular songs; but real lightness of touch is a rarity. For that requires one of the qualities of genius, the power of working with discrimination.

Yet with lightness of touch, I feel safe in saying, half the artistic fiascos in the world of music would be avoided. A writer with instinctive lightness of touch would despise from his heart the vapid sentimentality of the soft-and-sticky song. He would not care to soil his hands with the coarseness of the rough-and-tumble song. He would shrink in well-bred disgust from mock pathos of the heart-throb, sobby song. The sledge-hammer, box-falling-down-stairs, camel's-tread style of music

would offend his sense of beauty. He would not need to depend for his effects on mere noise.

Lightness of touch? Delicacy, restraint, the touch of a kindly smile, a glint of a furtive tear, all these are suggested by the phrase. To music it brings the verve of rapid rhythm, uninforced by heavy or exasperatingly syncopated accents, a swift flow of melody, simplicity and unpretentiousness of harmony. With lightness of touch, the lyricist may play daintily, as Whitcomb Riley has done, on the domestic emotions lying ever so little below the surface of our hearts. Lightness of touch keeps the song within the range of the many, without at the same time making it distasteful to the few.

You see, after all, I do not ask very much of the popular song. I ask only what I would ask of any amusement worthy of intelligent people, that it leave them better for having for the moment engaged their attention. Were each new song, presented to the publishers tried by this dual test of the presence of an idea and the employment of lightness of touch, one would feel, I think, that in picking up a popular song, he would not be called upon to lay aside the finer instincts of a cultured man.

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

The "Month's Mind" of Magna Charta

THE European nations are so busy in war that the seven hundredth anniversary of the signing of Magna Charta has been largely left for us here in America to celebrate. Our Constitutional Convention in New York took an interval to remind itself of the first great basic constitution of English rights and liberties. Many of the legal associations throughout the country have either celebrated the establishment of this fundamental document in modern law-making or will do so at their annual sessions this summer. Legislatures in many places have been reminded of its significance and the newspapers almost without exception have had something to say of Magna Charta and its meaning, even for us seven hundred years after the event. And yet I venture to say that the real significance of Magna Charta, as it should accrue to us from the celebration of the seven hundredth anniversary, has been to a great extent missed. For Magna Charta is a great monument to medieval Catholicism. It does not stand alone. On the contrary the surprise is how many of the things that are worth while in our modern life are heritages to us from this same medieval period and the Catholic influences exerted in it.

For the same century that saw the signing of Magna Charta saw also the rise of the universities in the form in which we now have them. It saw also the development of the great Gothic cathedrals with the magnificent arts for which these superb buildings gave such fine opportunities. The same period produced a literature in every country in Europe that has lived on until our time, and most of which is well-known, even popularly:—

The Cid in Spain; the Arthur Legends in England; the Nibelungen in Germany; the Troubadours and the Trouvères in France and Italy; Reynard the Fox; the Romance of the Rose and the Golden Legend; the Great Latin Hymns with St. Francis' wonderful Hymn to the Creatures, at the beginning of the century and Dante's Divine Comedy at the end. Was there ever a time when so much literature was written so hot from the heart that it will endure forever? It has endured all these seven hundred years as probably no other writing of an epoch ever did. How few of the celebrations of Magna Charta emphasized anything of all this, yet how important for the understanding of Magna Charta it is that it should be emphasized! There is no surprise over Magna Charta, once it is recognized that the men of its generation did everything that they put their hand to do so well that it has lived forever.

We have been celebrating a series of anniversaries from the period of Magna Charta without a realization of their relation to one another. Last year Oxford unveiled in June a monument to Roger Bacon, on the seven hundredth anniversary of his birthday. Probably the most interesting feature of the celebration lay in the fact that it was as a distinguished man of science that Roger Bacon was greeted, and that the official address on the occasion was made by a President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which is probably the most important association of scientists in the world. This year we have been celebrating, very mildly it is true, the six hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Dante. Dante, Roger Bacon and Magna Charta, are three of the most important landmarks in human history, all coming within the compass of a little more than a generation. It is very rare for a century to be able to present even one man or event that is of enduring significance seven centuries later. Here, however, are three supremely significant phases of humanity with effects felt to-day.

For those who know the history of the time, however, even Roger Bacon, Magna Charta and Dante, far from summing up all the memorable events and men of the epoch in which they came, are only indices of further achievements, for there is scarcely a phase of human interest which can not be illustrated by some equally deathless name or deed from that precious time. It is very hard indeed to understand now how this period could possibly have been accepted as a very nadir of ignorance and lack of intellectual interest, since it proves to be the very opposite. There were two reasons given and neither of them is complimentary to the generations that were influenced by them. One was that people knew nothing about the Middle Ages and concluded that therefore there must be nothing to know, for of course *they* could not possibly be ignorant of anything worth while. The other was that these generations themselves lacked deep interest in art and literature, above all in great poetry, great architecture and fine arts and crafts, and therefore

could not be expected to appreciate properly generations so far above them. Satisfied themselves with what was mean and sordid in art and letters, it was scarcely any wonder that they depreciated the Middle Ages.

It must not be thought, however, that knowledge of the Middle Ages has been revealed to us suddenly. Quite the contrary, it has been growing for several generations, and whenever a man took up seriously the question of studying history in first hand documents, at once the illusion of the Dark Ages passed from him, the scales fell from his eyes and he realized that they were really one of the most brilliant periods of human achievement. It mattered not how little might be his sympathy with the religion, or the philosophy, or the politics, or the social principles of the Middle Ages, such a flood of light was poured in on any one who took up seriously the subject of getting at the real significance of the Middle Ages, that it is easy to understand the revulsion of feeling that came with the revelation of surpassing artistic and intellectual accomplishments of that period. I know no better indictment of the shallowness of the scholarship of two generations ago than the change of view that has thus been brought about concerning medieval times.

Dean Maitland began the revolution in historical knowledge of the true state of things in the Middle Ages when he wrote his book "The Dark Ages" about three-quarters of a century ago. This was the first significant English utterance in contradiction of the old foolish tradition about the absolute lack of progress and education and the positive tendency to obscurantism which is supposed to make the Middle Ages such a blank. It is a little hard to understand now on rereading Maitland's "Dark Ages" how the book could have produced the impression that it did, for after all it is clearly seen in our time to have been only a beginning, and to have had but a glimmering of the truth. It contradicted calumnies, but did very little for constructive knowledge. It was not long, however, before Maitland's work was followed by that of others. Men like Frederick Harrison, Freeman, the English historian, and our own John Fiske, were largely responsible for the popularizing of the knowledge which brought people to discard their notion about the Middle Ages as full of darkness and brought them to think of that period as flooded with light which penetrated to all classes of people.

Very probably the most surprising of all these newer, truer opinions of the Middle Ages is that of John Fiske, the New England historical writer. It deserves above all to be recalled in connection with the anniversary of Magna Charta. In 1889, when he was about fifty years of age—and let it not be forgotten that Aristotle, with all due regard for the President of Harvard's recent expression in the matter, was of the opinion that a man reached intellectual maturity at forty-nine (having passed his physical maturity about thirty-five)—John Fiske wrote his work on "The Beginnings of New England," or "The Puritan Theocracy and Its Relation to

Civil and Religious Liberty." There would seem to be no place in such a work for some magnificent tributes to the Middle Ages, and above all for the immense debt that the world owes to the Catholic Church for what was done in that period, but it is there the expressions are to be found. Dear good New Englanders have always considered that they were the hub of the universe, not only in place, but in time, so it was not hard for a New England writer to work in the whole history of mankind as an introduction to the story of New England. Some one once said that according to history taught in and around Boston, there were no events worth while talking about between the time of Christ and the landing of the Pilgrims, except possibly the discovery of America. John Fiske was one of the first to unearth what lay between.

He put into print in his introduction to this work on New England a number of expressions that must have seriously shocked his compatriot readers. The following paragraph brings home forcibly how much he appreciated this wonderful time that has been so misunderstood, the time of Magna Charta:

Until quite lately, indeed, the student of history has had his attention too narrowly confined to the ages that have been pre-eminent for literature and art—the so-called classical ages—and thus his sense of historical perspective has been impaired. When Mr. Freeman uses Gregory of Tours as a text-book, he shows that he realizes how an epoch may be none the less portentous though it has not had a Tacitus to describe it, and certainly no part of history is more full of human interest than the troubled period in which the powerful streams of Teutonic life pouring into Roman Europe were curbed in their destructiveness and guided to noble ends by the Catholic Church. Out of the interaction between these two mighty agents has come the political system of the modern world. The moment when this interaction might have seemed on the point of reaching a complete and harmonious result was the glorious thirteenth century, the culminating moment of the Holy Roman Empire. Then, as in the time of Caesar or Trajan, there might have seemed to be a union among civilized men, in which the separate life of individuals and localities was not submerged. In that golden age alike of feudal system, of empire, and of church, there were to be seen the greatest monarchs, in fullest sympathy with their peoples that Christendom has known, an Edward I, a St. Louis, a Frederick II. Then, when in the pontificates of Innocent III. and his successors the Roman Church reached its apogee, the religious yearnings of men sought expression in the sublimest architecture the world has seen. Then Aquinas summed up in his profound speculations the substance of Catholic theology, and while the morning twilight of modern science might be discerned in the treatises of Roger Bacon, while wandering minstrelsy revealed the treasures of modern speech, soon to be wrought under the hands of Dante and Chaucer into forms of exquisite beauty, the sacred fervor of the apostolic ages found itself renewed in the tender and mystic piety of St. Francis of Assisi.

This was the era of Magna Charta. It is on the background of all this wonderful accomplishment that it becomes easy to understand that great document. In all of this the Catholic Church can well say *quorum pars magna fui*.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

Marquette "the Impostor"

IN a footnote on page 104 of the "South Dakota Historical Collections," Vol. VIII, 1914, we find the following startling announcement:

All of the merit of the travel (sic) on the Mississippi belongs to Joliet; Marquette (sic) was a *good for nothing man*; a fifth wheel, imposed by the Jesuits—and more, an *impostor*. Benjamin Sulte. (Italics inserted.)

Sulte is a well known Canadian historian. In which of his many works he has made this amazing utterance, the "South Dakota Historical Collections" do not vouchsafe to tell us. In fact there are many subsequent quotations from Sulte, but in no instance is the reader of the "Collections" enabled to verify their exactness nor can he be sure of their reality. But perhaps this information was conveyed by letter. He says the very opposite in his "Jean Nicolet," *Mélanges* (p. 445); "*La gloire de la grande découverte appartient à Joliet et Marquette. Il n'en faut plus douter*;" which phrase means: "There can no longer be any doubt that the glory of the great discovery belongs to Joliet and Marquette." Nor could Sulte really have said that Marquette was "*imposed*" on Joliet, by Jesuits, for in speaking of La Salle as an explorer, he asks very contemptuously:

Can any one suppose that he did more than Nicolet, Chouart and Radisson, *not to speak of the Jesuits?* Frontenac, although most favorable to La Salle, abstains from even pronouncing his name; if indeed he even thought of entrusting that official mission to him. It was Joliet who got the appointment; *Joliet the pupil and disciple of the Jesuits*. Joliet knew the languages of the savages; his ability as a hydrographer forced his name on the notice of the Government; and over and above all that, *the Jesuits were acting in concert with him*.

The puzzle still grows when we find that Mr. Charles E. De Land, one of the former Presidents of the South Dakota Historical Society, who is responsible for this uncondemned and unverifiable utterance of Sulte, is himself quite enthusiastic over Marquette. Thus on page 62 of the same volume he says:

Marquette and Joliet, under authority of the French Government, started on a mission of discovery on June 10, 1673, from the portage between the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, and descended the latter to the Mississippi. With five Frenchmen, as companions, and two Algonquins as guides, they met the Illinois on the Des Moines where the pipe of peace paved the way to mutual confidence; passed the mighty confluence of two great streams, where the swifter Missouri rushes like a conqueror into the calmer Mississippi; down past the Ohio where were the peaceful Shawnees who quailed under the incursions of the Iroquois; entered, near the latitude of thirty-three degrees, the village of Mitchegamea; smoked with the Chicasas; then down in a long wooden boat to the village of Akansea, the limit of their voyage; turned back, reached and ascended the Illinois and to Lake Michigan.

It may be remarked here that although Sulte insists

that Joliet spelled his name *Joliet*, nevertheless not the slightest attention is paid to the protest by Mr. De Land. It is always Joliet with one *l*; and moreover Marquette is invariably mentioned first. Finally on page 102, Mr. De Land quotes Bancroft's famous phrase about "the illustrious triumvirate Allouez, Dablon, and Marquette"; all of which would go to show that in the mind of Mr. De Land Marquette was not "imposed by the Jesuits," was not "a good-for-nothing-man," not "a fifth wheel" which the innocent Sulte fancies to be a superfluity, and above all was not "an impostor."

Indeed the conviction grows that it can not be Benjamin Sulte, the Canadian historian, who is quoted by the "South Dakota Historical Collections," but some one else; some "good-for-nothing man"; "a fifth wheel" and "an impostor." For Sulte, the historian, would never have displayed such deplorable ignorance of his own language and of his own country. He would never, for instance, have called the *coureurs de bois*, "*courrier de bois*" and immediately after it "*courrier des bois*" (p. 264) and would never let a plural noun go without its *s*, nor would he have written *le seigneurie*; nor Marquett without an *e*; nor would he have said, half in English, half in very peculiar French, that "Amyot was the name of a Quebec family *anobile* par Louis XIV."

Of all the men in the world Father Marquette was not one who could be charged with false pretences. He belonged to one of the wealthiest and most distinguished families of the city of Laon which was famous among the cities of France for centuries. Advancement either in Church or State was almost as a matter of course for him. But, in spite of that, he became a Jesuit with the explicit understanding that he might be sent to any part of the world and be buried for all his life in the most absolute obscurity. He arrived in New France in 1666, and after two years of hardship among the Indians along the St. Lawrence was sent to what was then the end of the earth, the western extremity of Lake Superior. There he met some Illinois Indians who had come to visit his mission. When driven out, he settled at Mackinac nursing the hope that he could go down to evangelize these savages who seemed to him to afford great hope of conversion. ~~Of course he knew about the Great River.~~ Everybody did, and everybody was anxious to find it; but for Marquette, it was not because the discovery of it would give him fame, for he could have got all he wanted of that in France, if he had been so minded; but because it would bring him into contact with the Indians who lived on its banks. Nor was there any jealousy about being the first to discover the river. Father Dablon had printed and published all about the way to get to it, a year or so before; Joliet who met La Salle at Lake Erie had instructed him about the route to follow. The only difficulty was to get an official appointment; for money was required to make the attempt. Finally Joliet and Marquette were named; the former because of his scientific attainments, and the latter because of his knowledge of

the language of six of the tribes. Moreover, they were appointed by Frontenac who was most unfriendly to the Jesuits; a selection, all the more remarkable, because, not only was Marquette a member of the Order but Joliet was one of their favorite pupils. The journey was made, the course of the river was determined, and they returned in safety to the mission post, where they remained during the winter. At the breaking up of the ice, Joliet started for Montreal with his maps, while Marquette remained with his Indians. Had he been in the least ambitious about getting any glory from his participation in the discovery, he would have set out with his friend, but that was the furthest thing from his thoughts. He had something else to do. Joliet reached Montreal but not with his maps. His canoe was upset in the rapids of Lachine and all his papers went to the bottom of the St. Lawrence, and his unsupported story would never have been believed had it not been for the Jesuit, Father Dablon, who knew the country well and convinced Frontenac that the river had really been found.

It was only in the following year that Marquette's account arrived at Quebec. It proved Joliet's claim. So that, had it not been for him, Joliet would have sunk into obscurity for ever. Moreover the account in which Marquette figures was given to the general public only six years later, and when the world at large learned of the achievement, Marquette had been already five years in the grave. Nor did he or his brethren obtain any Government recognition. Joliet was rewarded with the grant of the Anticosti Island, and fishing privileges in the St. Lawrence, but Marquette received only the reward of death among his Indians. Yet it was his journal of the expedition and his journal alone that made the discovery known to the world.

Thus, says Thwaites, the man who cared not for fame unwittingly won it, while the one who sought honors, gained, because of an accident, but slight recognition, and has only in our time come to be generally recognized as a full partner in the discovery.

It is idle to ask whether to Joliet or to Marquette shall be given the greater credit for the discovery of the Mississippi. Their names, in this connection, must always be mentioned in common; the priest, certainly, was as important to the expedition as was the civilian, and it is to the Jesuit that we owe the record. But, apart from this incident in his career, Father Marquette stands in history as typical of the highest ideals and achievements in the splendid missionary enterprise of the Jesuits of New France. Others of his Order, in America, were doubtless greater than he, suffered more acutely, spent more years in the service; but popular imagination in America has perhaps more generally centered upon the hero of this tale than upon any of his fellows. He was, in truth, a man of action as well as ideas; a true explorer as well as a scholastic; a rare linguist; a preacher of undoubted capacity; gifted with unusual powers of mastery over the minds of fierce savages; and his saintly character will long remain an inspiration to men of every creed and calling.

In view of all this "a good-for-nothing man" not "imposed by the Jesuits" seems to have made the "South Dakota Historical Collections" supremely ridiculous.

T. J. CAMPBELL, S.J.

Post-Impressionism

THE chief recommendation of this attempt at criticism is the ignorance of the critic. The greater part of the criticism was thought out when the critic had read next to nothing, and had seen nothing at all, of post-impressionism. Only, post-impression was in the air; and he had received, in some viewless and wireless way an impression. But it happened a day or two ago, that he was led by chance into the weird atmosphere of a post-impressionist exhibition. So strangely fulfilled were all the critic's premonitory thought about that school of art, that he dares set those thoughts down merely as an experienced fact.

It may be well to adjust my readers' opinions of this criticism by the following open-hearted admission. Not having had the slightest schooling in the use of the crayons or the brush, an ordinary artist's exhibition has left me with a confused admiration for the genius of those whose works I could never hope to equal. A good deal of frankly expressed dislike has been stifled in me by the quite relevant remark, "At any rate, I could not do anything so good." But on examining the entire wall-space given over to this post-impressionist exhibition, I found myself saying again and again, "I could have done as well myself," and in the case of a cow browsing on a mountain—or it may have been a horse in a valley—I actually thought that I could have given the painter points. I merely state this as an empiric fact; and as a contribution to the psychology of post-impressionism. Moreover if my readers think my judgment warped, they will give a basis for reckoning the deflection.

My first impression is that this new school is emancipating itself from form and color. Hitherto form has been a Procrustean bed to color. Color has been ever tied to form. Color has had a number of things to say for itself; but form, the tyrant, has insisted on being color's mouthpiece and interpreter. Indeed the splendid phrases and even thoughts which color has found in its heart have had to pass through the lips of form; and too often have come out as pidgin-English, or at least as a foreign accent.

At its worst, color has been used decoratively as part of a chorus. But though color is no mean adept in chorus work, it has melodies of its own which it should be given time and place to sing. But we rarely allow its solo-singing. Only on the moors or on the sea does it thunder forth the tragedies of its being; only in formless handfuls of spring or summer wild-flowers has it leave to sing the lyrics of its heart.

Yet color has perhaps a nobler song and a wider range of notes than mere form. For of itself form is but an outline, something outward, something mathematical and dead. Color is inward and alive. Indeed, the men of science tell us that it is an intense vibration, almost a quick pulsation of life. The color we see in nature, the burning hues of the poppy and the gorse, even the quiet shades of the heather and the primrose are alive. They beseech; they compel. Not even the Alps in all the majesty of their outline are as one of the harebells on its slopes.

Post-impressionists have vowed themselves to a crusade, rescuing color from the thralldom of form. They wish to set it on its throne. They would give it place and time to sing its own notes; untrammelled by any chorus-singing. For even more than form, which is but art speaking, and speaking prose, color can sing. And if post-impressionism has its way, color will soon come into its own school of song.

Another thought, I take it, is sub-consciously in the minds of the post-impressionists. They recognize, as for centuries the Church has been alone in recognizing, that color has a meaning. Whatever truths are expressed by the half-truth, "art for art's sake," the post-impressionists are begotten of the

greater truth that their medium has an effect, and therefore a meaning. Indeed for them even the shades of color are shades of meaning. Every stroke of the brush is either an argument or a sophism. Every picture may be a tragedy or an epic of the eye. No color, even the dullest, is less than an outward sign of an inward thought. And we may say what Chrysostom said of the star-fretted sky: "If that is the floor, imagine the roof!" If what stirs us in the gorse or the primrose is but a dim outward, what, in Plato's haunting phrase, must be the splendor of the inward eternal Idea?

Here we are at once brought into an atmosphere of mysticisms. If form and color, and color rather than form, are used to convey a meaning and a message, we who are to be sought by color must be warned no less than allured. We must be warned lest we take the outward sign for the inward substance. The metaphor must be clearly a metaphor. The sign must not ape reality. Upon pain of idolatry the image must not be endowed with personality, nor must it arrest our worship.

Hereupon the wisdom of St. Thomas Aquinas is illuminating. Though God is more like a man than like an ox, the "Dumb Ox of Sicily" shrewdly remarks that it was better, because safer, for the Jews to express God as an ox than as a man. There was no fear that they would take God for an ox; but later Roman history is there to show, how great a danger there was of thinking man a god. The safety of the image lay in its being undeniable and even grotesque.

Herein, too, lies what might be called the ritualism of the post-impressionists. They seek to make color a flagrant metaphor. Most critics think the art of post-impressionism unreal and untrue. But because post-impressionism looks on form and color as a metaphor of some future revelation, it is essentially a cult of the truth. It is not a half-lie masquerading as truth. It is a whole lie proclaiming with open throat its falsehood. It is a solemn ritual of art; a slaying of calves, goats and heifers; a whole-burning of their reeking carcasses; a blood-spurting of hot, living color; a grotesque attitude of the lesser to express the greater; a birth-throe of the soul struggling to come from the womb of form and color.

Now whereas these latter-day painters whose fingers are fine enough to give us mirror-like accuracy give us nothing but a chaos of color, the older medievalists made their pictures extraordinarily delicate and fine. Nothing could be further apart than the manner of these modernists and the medievalists. Yet none are so near of kin; for none have such belief in the truth that art should be less a mirror than a metaphor, but a metaphor boldly and humbly saying with the Baptist, "I am not the Messiah."

It was evident to the older medievalists that their nursing art had not reached perfection of technique. The Giottoes and Van Eycks had humility enough to recognize that the Saviours and Madonnas they painted so delicately and even daintily were not reproduced on their polished panels as they were on their polished mirrors. Their art was self-conscious limitation. It was their duty not to emphasize the patent metaphor of their craft, but to show that it was an offering as well as an effort, and a holocaust given to the one whom it dishonored by its defects. What they lacked through perfection they sought to atone for by delicacy which raised their work of art into a work of sacrifice which pleased the eye and by some subtle, mysterious power calmed the soul.

Lastly, this post-impressionism is a protest for the most part in primary colors, that in art, as elsewhere, a man must believe in final causes, or in final chaos. It is superficial seeing to look on their work as itself a chaos of color. Perhaps, underneath the patchwork coverlet, there is personality asleep, to be awakened; a dreamer whose strange, uncanny dreams are sent of God.

VINCENT McNABB, O.P.

COMMUNICATIONS

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The Holy Name Society

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As the Holy Name Society is, in my humble opinion, the greatest Catholic association in this country to-day, I am eager to see AMERICA bring the advantages of the organization before the people. A good many of our Catholic men have queer notions about it. Some tell you that they do not need to belong to such a society, because they are faithful in their duties to God. Others can not be impressed at all. If a paper such as AMERICA would bring the Society prominently before the more educated men of the country, and impress upon them that when it comes down to religion we are all on an equality; that the fact that a man is a little better off than his neighbor in this world's goods and has a higher station in life, is no excuse for his not belonging to an organization to which his poorer and less talented brother belongs our people might be awakened to their responsibilities in this matter. Out of nine thousand men who belong to the Holy Name Society in this archdiocese, there are very few really prominent Catholic men who are members. I spoke a year ago to one of the leading Catholics of our city about getting interested in the Society, but he answered: "Oh, I'm in too many societies now." "You are in none more important than the Holy Name Society," I said.

It has been my experience that what we need most of all just now is the fashioning of our men into sterling Catholics. When that is accomplished we shall have forces strong enough to fight the battles that are coming. I know that I have men in my branch who two years ago did not take the same interest in the Church that they do now. They were good fellows, went to the Sacraments a certain number of times a year, but now they go every month or two, are interested in things Catholic and love the Church more and more. Why? Because they have been made to feel that the doctrine the Church expounds means something to them, is something real and tangible. They are and will be better Catholics if they are zealous members of the Holy Name. When the Church needs them and asks them to advance her cause they will be ready to take their stand under her colors because they will know much is at stake. I talk Holy Name, sleep it, walk it, and fight for it. It brings results. We are known all over this city as real "live wires." A man came to me not long ago all the way from West Baltimore just to talk over a question. Why did he come to me, a young man? Because he felt that I am interested in the Holy Name movement. Why has my branch now increased to nearly three hundred members, though it started with only fifteen, two years ago? Just because we urge the question. "It pays to advertise."

Baltimore.

SACERDOS.

The First of Many

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your readers will be glad to hear of a project, which indeed is still only in its infancy, but is nevertheless being actively prosecuted; the more so, as the articles and editorials which have appeared in AMERICA, on the subject of the Y. M. C. A. and the welfare of our boys, have encouraged us in our belief that our object is worthy and that there is need of such an institution in our own city. The Knights of Columbus of Boston and its vicinity are making plans for the erection of a building in this city to cost approximately \$500,000. A committee consisting of many of the leading Knights in Massachusetts has practically completed the details of incorporating and determining the final plans of the proposed building. The Massachusetts Real Estate Exchange

through its members are examining various sites suitable for the building. It is proposed to raise \$100,000 at once and to purchase one of the proposed sites. Cardinal O'Connell has given his heartiest approval to the project and requested the privilege of being its first subscriber. The basement of the building is to be equipped with twelve of the latest, improved bowling alleys, a swimming tank and shower baths. The first floor is to be devoted to business purposes. On the second floor will be lodge rooms, a billiard room and a library. The third floor will contain a large and finely equipped gymnasium. The entire upper floor will consist of a large auditorium, check rooms and a banquet hall. The Knights of Columbus after many years of agitation have felt the need of such a Catholic institution in this community where young men may find innocent amusement, beneficial physical development and an opportunity for self-improvement.

Boston.

JAMES F. McDERMOTT.

Catholic Scout Movement

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The able editorials in AMERICA on "Our Boys" and "Our Lost Boys" were very timely. It is a pleasure to learn that the Ozanam Society is doing such a noble and blessed work! Hitherto the boy has been sadly neglected. Every attention is given to make the girls' sodality a success, that parish is the exception where boys' sodality or club flourishes. The work of keeping a club of growing boys flourishing is so hard a task, that many a pastor has given up the problem altogether. The perils that surround Catholic boys, in the slums of the large, crowded metropolitan cities are matters of common knowledge, and provision is being made for them in club-houses under Catholic auspices. There are boys however in the smaller cities and towns whose souls are just as precious in the sight of God, and dangers to their faith and morals are very numerous. In such places, however, the parish has not the means to establish a house for the boys, and the anxious pastor sees the once ardent and zealous boys of his school, drifting away from him slowly and surely, and becoming enthusiastic members of the "Boy Scouts." We need some such Catholic movement.

The great objection to the Scout movement seems to be that it tends to break up home-life. May not the same be said about the club-house? Is it not a fact which can not be gainsaid that many parents are only too glad to have their boys run the streets? If the Scout-plan were placed under the guidance of Catholic men, and Catholic ideals were incorporated into the movement, a large number of boys would be saved to the Church. As it is now, the boys of the small city are endangering their faith by membership in non-Catholic associations. Many have read with surprise and sorrow the communications in America anent the Y. M. C. A. The indifference to Catholic ideals manifested by some of our young men who defended that institution, makes one shudder. The Scout movement is scarcely less dangerous. Large numbers of Catholic boys are joining its ranks, mingling with non-Catholics, and absorbing non-Catholic ideas of morality and religion. No one should be surprised if our young men, who have been neglected as boys, afterwards give expression to ideas detrimental to religion. The Scouts appeal to most boys, the parish on the other hand only too frequently makes no effort to keep the boys together, and parents give in rather than see their boys run the streets at night or lounge about pool-rooms which are breeding places of vice and crime. May the Ozanam Society spread throughout the land, and may zealous Catholic laymen everywhere arouse themselves to the dangers which surround our boys, and instil into them a Catholic spirit, and place before them Catholic ideals. Then we shall not need to fear for our young men in the large cities.

Something ought to be done for the boys of the small city and town. A Catholic movement similar to the Scouts would appeal powerfully to the sadly neglected boys of the small city, and would be an instrument of much good.

New York.

R. W. O.

A Prompt Answer to a Query

To the Editor of AMERICA:

We have before us your issue of July 3 in which we see reviews of two of our new books. One is a very excellent notice of "The Sleepy-Time Story-Book," by Ruth O. Dyer, which we thoroughly appreciate. The other is of "When I was a Boy in Belgium," by Robert Jonckheere, a Belgian refugee. In this book Mr. Jonckheere tells how accident, combined with awakened interest in a girl of Protestant parentage who afterward became his wife, led to his conversion to Protestantism, and your review concludes with the following words: "Query: Would Robert have been asked to write his reminiscences for American children, had he kept the Faith?"

We are in a better position than anyone else to answer this query, and will do so promptly. Robert Jonckheere not only would have been, but actually was engaged to write his reminiscences without the slightest supposition on our part that he was anything but the devout Catholic which the ordinary Belgian is. Furthermore, he would have been engaged just as quickly had he been known to have shifted from hereditary Protestantism to Catholicism. As a matter of fact, we were much surprised to find this episode of conversion when the completed manuscript was handed in, and preferring that the question of religion should for several reasons be entirely untouched if possible, asked Mr. Jonckheere if this particular could not be omitted. He replied that while he was absolutely without religious prejudice, he did not see how he could tell the story of his life without including its facts, among which he disliked to omit his early acquaintance that resulted in his courtship. We laid the matter before three members of our staff who are loyal Catholics, and all decided that the matter was not worth noticing. Kindly permit us to go a little farther. Your query obviously implies that we were moved by a sectarian bias to issue a book containing something that might be made use of as propaganda. You can now see that the facts absolutely dispose of this undeserved suspicion.

Boston.

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

[It is very gratifying to learn that our query was quite uncalled for.—THE REVIEWER.]

Reading the Scriptures

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the June issue of *Homeland Gleanings*, published by the "Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church," I notice the following article:

The resuscitation of the Pious Society of St. Jerome in Italy affords great encouragement to Professor Giovanni Luzzi of Florence, the alert Waldensian leader, who clings to the faith that the Roman Church under influence of a spiritual modernism is yet destined to return to evangelical and apostolic Christianity. The object of the St. Jerome Society is to spread the circulation of the four gospels in the Italian vernacular. The Society was formed under the sanction of Pope Leo XIII, but Pope Pius X was unfriendly to it and finally suppressed it. The organization was, however, kept secretly alive and now has the approval of Benedict XV who as bishop was one of the founders of the movement.

The Pope pronounces the dissemination of the Scriptures "an aim which has indeed been useful in all ages, but is especially adapted to our time," and adds fervently: "Experience teaches that all deviations of present society

have their origin in the fact that the doctrines and work of Jesus Christ have been utterly forgotten, and men no longer draw from them their inspiration for daily life. We ardently desire that as a result of your zeal you may obtain not only an even larger spread of the gospels, but also that the holy books may find their way into the homes of all Christian families; so that all the faithful may get accustomed to read the holy gospels and to comment on them daily and thus may learn to live in perfect harmony with God's will." Prof. Luzzi considers this the most significantly liberal utterance to which a pope has appended his signature in ages, inasmuch as the word "comment" implies the exercise of private judgment in reading the Scriptures."

Now if the word "comment" could be construed as above indicated, i.e., to mean the exercise of one's own judgment in reading the Scriptures, would it not lead eventually to differences of opinion among Catholics as to the interpretation and construction to be placed upon different passages in the Bible? I believe that Protestant churches teach that the Bible is the only rule of faith, and that they go one step further and hold that each person may interpret passages in the Bible as he may see fit. It is possible that the assumption or conclusion reached as to the meaning of the word "comment" as used in the above article is incorrect, but I should be pleased to have your discussion of the same appear through the columns of AMERICA at an early day. It happens to be my lot to be the only Catholic in this community, and it is very possible that the above article will be called to my attention and an explanation demanded as to why the Catholic Church has only at this late day seen its way clear to join the ranks of the other "modern" churches.

Lake Alfred, Fla.

FRANK P. GOODMAN.

[The Holy Father has not become a Protestant. His letter reads: . . . "It is our ardent desire . . . that the sacred books may enter into the bosom of Christian families and be there as the Gospel drama which all seek with care and guard jealousy, so that the faithful may accustom themselves to read the Holy Gospels and commentaries every day, etc." For some reason or other *Homeland Gleanings* is inaccurate on another point also, as are all Protestant papers on most points that concern Catholic doctrine and polity.—Editor AMERICA.]

A Protest

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I hope very much that you will permit an Anglican who rejoices, although you do not allow his claim to it, in the surname Catholic, and who is privileged, through the kindness of a friend, to read AMERICA each week, to occupy a few lines in the correspondence columns of your admirable journal. My aim is quite the reverse of a controversial one, because I am much less interested in anti-Romanism than I am in Catholicism, and it is your scholarly defense of Catholic principles against the vagaries of Protestantism that makes me interested in reading your periodical. It is for this reason that I dislike to find attacks in your columns upon the intelligence or sincerity of Anglican Catholics. And I am free to say that I quite as much dislike anti-Roman controversy in our own journals as anti-Anglicanism in yours.

The difference between us is one not of intelligence or of sincerity, but of conviction: on your part, that acknowledgment of the sovereignty of the Bishop of Rome is of the essence of Catholicism; on our part, that it is not essential; nothing else than this, or what necessarily follows from this. But common to us also are certain tremendous convictions, such as the necessity of Apostolic Succession, the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, Fasting Communion, Priestly Abso-lution, the Perpetual Virginity of the Mother of God, the Invocation of Saints, Prayers for the Dead, and innumerable

others. You may say that only one party of Anglicans accepts these essential Catholic principles, you probably will say, as Father Woods has already said of fasting Communion, that "the true (sic) Church of England has looked upon" these doctrines "as superstitious." As to the latter statement I might be tempted to remind the writer that he can hardly be more capable than we Anglo-Catholics of determining what the "true Church of England" teaches, but I refrain! As to the former statement, we plead guilty: some of us "glory in our comprehensiveness," others of us are not so sure that such "comprehensiveness" is a virtue to be rightly gloried in; for myself I am ashamed of it, and not ashamed to admit that I am, frankly. However that may be, the convictions of Anglo-Catholics are as firm and as sincere as the convictions of Roman Catholics, and all we ask of our brethren of the Roman allegiance is that they grant us that. Call us mistaken if you like, pray for us if you like, even pity us if you like, but please grant us the sincerity of our convictions! What we Anglo-Catholics are fighting for, first of all, is the Catholic Faith against both Protestantism and infidelity, not Anglicanism against Romanism. Can not you, without in the slightest degree compromising the Roman Supremacy you hold vital, rejoice with us in whatever we may do toward the advancement of the Catholic Faith among the English-speaking peoples? We are too often guilty, we must admit to our shame, of placing anti-Romanism above Catholicism, and of misrepresenting, through ignorance, and sometimes, I fear, through malice, the deeds and claims of the Church of Rome; but need our differences, serious as they are, render impossible any alliance between us for the defense of the Catholic Faith?

JARED S. MOORE.

Western Reserve University, Cleveland.

Censorship of Films

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"Freedom of the Screen" is the rallying cry of the moving picture industry to-day. To embody this freedom in the organic law of the State, three amendments have been submitted to the Constitutional Convention and referred to its Bill of Rights Committee. These amendments all aim at the permanent emancipation of the motion picture from official censorship by the State of New York. The supporters of these amendments characterize censorship as savoring of "the tyranny and darkness of the Middle Ages." Like the stage, the making and exhibiting of moving pictures is fast becoming the monopoly of a race never conspicuous in its long history for a preference for decency over dollars, and ever ready to pander to the lowest tastes if thereby it can rake in lucre and undermine that morality which is the flower of the Catholic Faith, which it naturally hates. As is their wont, Catholics are passive with regard to the legislation necessary to have Boards of Censors by law established. The negroes, to their credit be it said, have set the Catholics an example in the assertion of their feelings and their rights, for in three of the largest cities of the country they have clamored or are clamoring for the creation by the State of official censorship of moving pictures, their press admonishing them "to be vigilant, to be determined and to see that nothing is offered for public observation which bears even the slightest possibility of injury to the race." The colored race has cause to be vigilant and their position must be respected, but Catholics have far greater cause to be on the alert. A film-play, just released, is described as having as its leading character "a half-breed French dancer of unsavory reputation, who, just to surprise the frequenters of a dive, appears there in a sanctimonious imitation of the

Madonna." The Brooklyn Federation of Catholic Societies just recently succeeded in having discontinued an exhibition in Brooklyn of the film-play "Hypocrites," a salacious production, and a gross misrepresentation of the monastic life of the Catholic Church. This production, be it noted, was approved by the "National Board of Censorship."

Catholics with whom I have come in contact seem possessed of mistaken ideas concerning this self-styled "National Board of Censorship of Motion Pictures." According to its own signed admissions, this Board does not pass on all films exhibited, and has no power under the law to order the withdrawal of any film or to prevent the exhibition of the same. The two hundred or more members of its various committees, advisory, general, executive and censoring, I would characterize as of the parlor type of "social uplifter," who strives to forget the fact that the Catholic Church, backed by an experience of twenty centuries, is yet the world's greatest social reformer. They are Protestant preachers, and other Protestants, men and women, a goodly number of Jews (rabbis among these), and representatives of the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Children's Aid Society (a Protestant proselytizing organization that distributes food and instruction to the Catholic immigrant, gratis indeed, but at the price of giving up the Catholic Faith), the Federal Council of Churches, which is against Catholic immigration in favor of Japanese immigration, has officially refused to censure the *Menace* and allied campaigns, and has stood for the revolutionary anarchy in Mexico.

The reflection that whatever censorship of moving pictures now exists is in the hands of an unofficial Board, composed of people who can not be charged with seeking to see the Catholic Faith represented in a favorable light, should be sufficient to impel Catholics to work for the creation of a State Board of Censorship and to see that they get commensurate representation on that Board.

Brooklyn.

JAMES V. SHIELDS.

"The Young Man and the Navy"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Some fifteen months ago I came into intimate relations with a number of Catholic youths, serving as enlisted men in the United States Navy. I have been in communication with them since that time. The impressions I derived from their experiences and their account of life on shipboard and ashore are totally opposed to the tenor of Mr. Robert Conroy's article in your issue of June 26. He seems willing to recommend young men to enlist. The boys with whom I spoke were unanimous in their conviction that no Catholic fathers or mothers can with a safe conscience allow their sons to enter the Navy under present conditions.

At the Naval Training Stations, where there are Catholic chaplains the boys are well cared for and are grateful for the priest's attention, but on board ship the boy is left to drift for himself with the result that it is estimated that not five per cent. of the Catholic boys, who form almost a third of the complement of some ships, practise their religion, that is, go to Mass when they can or make their Easter duty. It is not hard to understand that with such neglect of religion they fall easy victims of vice. A boy who tries to lead a pure life, as we Catholics understand the virtue of purity, is laughed at. The long periods of idleness and the constant stream of conversation all day long work havoc with the boy's soul.

Daily contact with scoffers at priests and all religious denominations, with Protestant boys who are filled with ignorant prejudices against the Church and with bad Catholics, inevitably weakens the faith. Many of the Catholic boys who enlist have

had little education and know little of the catechism. They were allowed to go into the Navy because their parents felt unable to control them at home and thought that at least for four years they would be under discipline and improve physically. What an awful price these boys have to pay, if they cease to practise their religion or lose their Faith!

New York.

JOHN CORBETT, S.J.

Catholic Landmarks of San Francisco

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The pressure of more immediate concerns has prevented my replying until now to my critic, "H. P. Gallagher," who has pointed out what he considers to be inaccuracies in my article "Catholic Landmarks of San Francisco." As I am not myself an historian, but was dependent upon the knowledge of others for the material used in that article, I submitted my critic's remarks to a friend of mine, a priest, who has supplied me with an answer.

The first main point of H. P. Gallagher's criticism was that Father Langlois was never a member of the Society of Jesus, and that he never thought of placing the city under the tutelary care of St. Francis Xavier. In regard to this my authority points out that Father Joseph W. Riordan, S.J., in his book "The First Half Century of St. Ignatius' Church and College" (San Francisco, 1905), speaks as follows:

Father Langlois speaks of the city of San Francisco as the city of St. Francis Xavier (San Francisco Xavier) in place of St. Francis of Assisi, the Seraphic Founder of the Franciscan Order. To explain the title by a slip of the pen can not be maintained, since Father Langlois elsewhere uses the same expression; to suppose ignorance, is to suppose ignorance of the grossest kind. Who could be unaware of the St. Francis in whose honor the bay had been named? The present city was called Yerba Buena until January, 1847, when Alcalde Bartlett issued a decree changing the name to San Francisco. The civil government, under American rule, was not specially concerned in discriminating between the various saints of that name. Now, as missionary, his (Father Langlois') special patron had been St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies. As an *accepted novice* of the Society of Jesus, his special devotion was naturally toward the Jesuit saints; San Francisco was calling as earnestly to God as any East Indian city for the missionary zeal of a Xavier, and by putting it under his protection Father Langlois at the same time satisfied his devotion and hoped to obtain the graces of which he stood so much in need. We are not defending his action; we are merely explaining it. The fervor of a novice is proverbial for its warmth, not for the maturity of judgment which guides it. The title, therefore, was neither unintentional nor the result of ignorance, but was the product of the novice devotion of Father Langlois' heart" (Pages 20-22.)

The italics are mine, or rather, those of the priest who supplied me with the passage. No further comment, surely, is required, except that I must acknowledge my error in claiming Father Langlois as a full-fledged member of the Society of Jesus. I have been informed that he died a Dominican, but of this I have no authoritative knowledge.

In regard to my critic's second main point, namely, that old St. Patrick's Church was not situated, as I stated, where the Palace Hotel now stands, but rather on the site of the old Grand Hotel, I think this is splitting hairs, as the old Grand was so close to the Palace as to be practically on the same site. There was a small courtyard, I am told, between them. In regard to H. P. Gallagher's own contributions on the subject of Catholic landmarks in San Francisco, I find them very interesting, and only regret that I did not have knowledge of them when I wrote my own rather inadequate article.

San Francisco.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

A M E R I C A

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"Problems About War"

WAR is a sad affair, unlovely and unloveable. But for all that it is not an evil in itself and sometimes it becomes a duty which a sovereign State can not shirk without grave injustice to its citizens. In view of this truth certain phases of the peace campaign now so popular amongst us are deplorable. The ethic underlying them is false; the methods employed are pernicious to the last degree. Sad enough it is, to witness the morale of adults diminishing year after year by force of sinister influence; but when an attempt is made to pervert the uncritical soul of childhood by an appeal to instincts which though good in themselves, are yet of an inferior order, then indeed it is time to take pause and ask if a nation can afford to tolerate an ethic that will give to it a heritage of men half-knit of soul, untrue to the highest obligation of a citizen. The "Carnegie Endowment for International Peace," is carrying on a campaign of the nature described. It has issued a pamphlet for "classes in arithmetic," "designed to lay before young people in the elementary schools, at the most impressionable age, the fact of the wastefulness of war." Here are some specimens of the problem:

WAR EXPENSES AND OUR PLEASURES

PROBLEMS INVOLVING LONG DIVISION

1. There are 300,000 Boy Scouts in America, and \$30 on an average would give each of them a camping trip and a scout suit this year. We spent on our war department \$173,522,804 last year. This amount would pay these expenses of the Boy Scouts for how many years?

2. Most boys would like to go to a ball game every week. If a boy went to a game every week for a season of twenty weeks, and took a 50-cent seat, how much would it cost for the season? The amount which we spent on our navy last year, \$139,682,186, would pay for tickets for how many boys?

4. A good tennis racket can be bought for \$1.50. The battleship Vermont cost \$7,563,963. This amount would buy rackets for how many boys and girls?

5. During the year preceding the great war the five great European powers spent \$898,921,000 on their armies. At 10 cents per ticket, how many tickets to some good moving picture plays would such an amount buy for each of the 450,000,000 people in these countries? Answer to the nearest unit.

This is a shameful exhibition of ethical perversion made in the name of a "broader patriotism and higher ideals." Moreover, the appeal is sordid; pleasure is exalted at the expense of patriotism, and the incautious child is led to estimate "scout suits," bats and balls, tennis rackets and the cinema above those things that are at once the expression and defense of the lofty patriotism which puts country first and pleasure last. Pacifism is a blessing, but pacifism will never come from "Carnegie Endowment" ethics; servitude will, however.

Mother Goose and "Efficiency"

IN days of old children were allowed to read their Mother Goose purely for the story's sake. They were not expected to draw a moral, for instance, from the irreparable mishap that befell Humpty Dumpty, nor to find in the catastrophe of Jack and Jill's career arguments for or against the feminist movement, nor to show how the famous combat between the Lion and the Unicorn typifies the commercial rivalry of Briton and Teuton. Quite the contrary. For the nurslings of yester-year were encouraged indeed to sympathize with Bo-Peep in her bereavement, to feel deep concern at Little Boy Blue's neglect of his duty, to grieve with Old Mother Hubbard's dog, or to laugh merrily at Simple Simon's ridiculous expectations. But the ethical, educational, economic or political value of the Mother Goose rhymes was never pointed out to the boys and girls of the last generation.

To-day's children, however, are more fortunate. For an assistant in the Chicago Public Library has prepared the following "efficiency test" and suggests that it should be successfully passed by all who would qualify as directors of our little ones' reading:

- (1.) For what person or persons was the wool of the black sheep destined? (2.) Describe maneuvers of the French army as recorded by M. Goose and give number of men in the French army. (3.) Give short biographical sketch of Solomon Grundy and mention seven important events in his life. (4.) Who killed Cock Robin? (5.) Discuss the social significance of the botanical arrangement in Quite Contrary Mary's garden. (6.) Describe the cooperative system of domestic economy in Jack Spratt's household. (7.) Describe briefly, the astral phenomena which led to the elopement of two useful kitchen utensils. (8.) How many court musicians were maintained at the court of Old King Cole? (9.) Name and describe article on which Miss Muffet sat. (10.) Who stole the Queen of Heart's pastry?

For special subject write not less than 200 words on one of the following topics: (a) Compare Schopenhauer on the "Vanity of Existence" with the Old Woman who Lived Under the Hill. (b) Give a mathematical survey of the Ten-o'clock-scholar's attendance.

Children whose intellectual development is under the control of those answering satisfactorily questions like the above are surely destined in after years to be their country's pride and salvation. The study and research required, for example, to treat adequately the fifth and sixth topics in the foregoing list would equip competitors to discharge admirably almost any post in our Departments of Charity and Correction, and as for these subjects set for short essays, what a splendid opportunity they offer for driving home sound principles regarding contented homes and the proper education of children! Happily the deeper significance of the Mother Goose rhymes is at last being realized.

The New York "Sun" and Woman Suffrage

THE New York *Sun* is surely lacking in the force and sanity which usually characterize its editorial comment, when it remarks that Cardinal Gibbons' Letter on Woman Suffrage, "assumes the whole case." "The other side," the *Sun* hastens to add, "assumes it, too." This studied balancing of blame is prompted, it is to be feared, not so much by a judicial temperament, as by a desire to please all parties to the controversy. Are we to conclude that our whole study of the new feminism has been based upon mere assumption?

The letter of the Metropolitan of Baltimore had pointed out that woman's greatest political triumphs "fade into insignificance, compared with the serene glory which radiates from the domestic shrine, and which she illuminates and warms by her conjugal and maternal virtues. Woman," continued the Cardinal, "rears and moulds the character of those who are to be the future rulers and statesmen, the heroes and benefactors of the country. Surely, this is glory enough for her."

To most minds, these remarks of the Cardinal will seem axioms, rather than easy assumptions. It is well to stress them in these days when trifling with the truth seems to be the sum and substance of the current philosophy. The need of the Cardinal's letter is amply proved when even the *Sun* affects to consider the statement that good mothers matter more than statesmen, a mere assumption, rather than a proposition blindingly self-evident.

Godless Science

GODLESS science is at its best and its best is very bad. For decades men searched the bowels of the earth diligently, turned the pestle in the mortar, peered into the test-tube, spent themselves in the shop. They did wondrous things: for was not Nature conquered? Ships sailed the air, the sea and the depths thereof; guns shot great shells many a mile; man feared no enemy, he was sufficient unto himself. What need was there of God? Science was master; that was enough. Ay, enough, rather too much. The storm broke, and science,

a human thing, became the most inhuman of all things; man's achievement became man's destruction. The dead men of battlefields, the desolate widows of darkened homes, the weeping children of market places, these are the production of a science without God, godless science's most perfect work. The acme of godless science's perfection, the summit of its power, is annihilation of those who made it great. The lesson of this is not that war is bad in itself, not even that war must be avoided, but that godless science is an inhuman thing, man's worst enemy, cruel and destructive by subtle means, ex-cogitated by intellects that know not God, put into effect by unhallowed wills. Less science, more God; that is the lesson.

Making Italian Methodists

METHODISTIC pronouncements on the Church are generally diverting. In the last number of a church paper there has been no departure from time-honored ways. Speaking of the Romish (*sic*) priests and in particular of their work among the Italians, the writer says: "They (the priests) are bending all their efforts to keep them in ignorance and to segregate them from all influences that would make them independent American citizens. Here is the meaning of the Parochial school, and here is our greatest danger." Passing from the particular to the general the writer goes on to state: "The Romanish (*sic*) Church arrests all progress, spiritual, intellectual, social, economic and national, and it saps those virtues which are essential to the development of the race." Here are charges comprehensive enough to satisfy even the most rabid hater of the Church; but they are so grotesque in their deliberate misrepresentation, so crass in their ignorance, as not to deceive even a Methodist. In proof of his statement the writer instances the Italian, and asks the reader to "name a few Italian poets, warriors, inventors, painters and musicians." Evidently he thinks that Dante, Volta, Raphael, Michaelangelo, and Palestrina were Methodists. Forced by evidence of the clearest kind the writer had just said, "These people (the Italians) have given us law and literature, science and philosophy, art and architecture, music and religion. They have in their veins the best blood of the world, and they need not beg brains of us or any other race." Now every one knows that these contributions to the culture of the world have come from Catholic Italy. Yet a few paragraphs later we read, "Roman Catholicism has failed to educate—the Italian." A startling lack of sequence surely!

It is not, however, to point out how far certain Methodists are willing to go in their official vilification of the Church that we call attention to the article from which we have quoted, but rather to chronicle the fact that the center of Methodistic propaganda among Italians is apparently to be transferred from Rome to the United States. The motive of the present movement

is frankly not very evangelical. The Italians, 2,500,000 of them in America, are to be turned into Methodists, not to bring them to Christ, but to avert the failure of Protestantism. "America," says the article, "is Protestantism's supreme hope. To fail in America is to utterly fail." A damaging admission this, in the light of the catholicity which Christ predicates of His Church. To fail everywhere, except in America, is not to "teach all nations." But how is this utter failure to be averted? This is clear from the very title of the article. "Greeks and Italians Once a Prize—Why Not Now?" Formerly the Methodist motto was "America for Christ." It has now become "America for the Methodists." For they know perfectly well, that the Italians do not become Protestants. Some of them may be persuaded by money to attend non-Catholic services, but it is almost universally true, that for an Italian to give up Catholicism is to give up Christ. To rob them of their Faith is to make them scoffers at all religion, even at the Christianity that the Methodists profess. But "America is Protestantism's supreme hope. To fail in America is to utterly fail." Hence, the poor Italians must be baited, they must be turned into Methodists. There is indeed no danger that a larger measure of success will attend their efforts in the United States than was had in Italy. An Italian Methodist is too preposterous to think of. All the same the sect seems to be hard at work, for the article to which we have referred closes with the following questions to which readers are requested to answer: "Do you know of any Italians or Greeks in your city? If so, have you taken the Gospel to them? How would you proceed to evangelize Greeks and Italians, if they could speak English?" Evidently the Methodists are plotting again.

Tremendousness of Trifles

THIS is an age of gigantic achievement because it is an age of research and discovery in the minute. Science teaches the tremendous importance of little things. "The truths," said a serious writer recently, "upon which our scientists will base to-morrow's progress in the adaptation of scientific fact to human need lie beyond a millionth of an inch, beyond the millionth part of an ounce, beyond the millionth part of a degree of temperature." A shiver traced here in a delicate line on a seismometer means 10,000 lives lost, 1,000 miles away. There is a thin, faint shadow in the spectrum; you have located a floating gold mine in the sun. With a microscope you can discover a scratch in a gutta-percha disk and you let the tiny point of a pin cross that scratch, at once the blended harmony of fifty instruments and fifty voices will crash from your phonograph. You are as amazed when you realize the mightiness of the minute as the incredulous countrymen, who cried out, on first seeing a giraffe, "There ain't no such beast!" But science to confound your confusion multiplies her miniature wonders. Science will weigh and number the particles which fly off

from an almost invisible amount of perfume, still tickling delicate olfactory nerves after long lapses of time. The telephone, the telegraph, with or without wires, has grown great by little agitations. Bacilli have revolutionized medicine, given State legislatures an increase of work, "swatted" the fly, introduced paper-cups, and mobilized the world against the mosquito. Enough! Enough! The microscope is master of the world; trifles are triumphant.

In the world of common-sense whose language is proverbs, the one reiterated lesson is the importance of the insignificant. Men need the lesson. Ask the ordinary reader who was Michaelangelo, and he will answer, "The man who said, 'Perfection consists in trifles, but perfection is no trifle.'" These words have been quoted so often that the sculpture, painting and poetry of that famous man are threatened with extinction in the glory of an epigram. "Little drops of water, little grains of sand," "stitches in time," "many a mickle," "take care of the pence," "ounce of prevention," "little acorns," so speak the proverbs, voicing the common sense of mankind. Grammar dissects a word, rhetoric dilates on the ramifications of one sentence, chemistry clings to a test-tube, physics revels in the threads of many colors, the actinic, heat, alpha, beta, gamma rays, which it finds in one sun-beam. The teachers of mind and manners must laboriously insist upon the tremendousness of trifles. Pupils are restless; processes are slow; modern impatience awaits outside of the nursery with its vocational training. With one stride the baby must step from the crib into a cabinet office. Who will answer the bells in the socialistic state when all the boys will want to press the buttons?

You may have read the sneers of those who mocked at the religious differences that arose in history over one letter and that letter the most insignificant in the Greek language. You will know now what to say to those shallow thinkers. You may have met with those who ride rough-shod over the kindly ways of life, the forms of politeness, the "thank you's," the passing congratulations, the smiling deference. You will know what to think of one who by such little rifts in the lute, makes all the music of civilized life grow mute. You may be tempted to say: "What's the harm?" "'Tis only a little thing and mothers are easily alarmed." Don't! Have you not read: "I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod, and behold I must die?" A glance may ruin; so David will tell you; and a glance may lift to life again; so Peter will confess with tears in his eyes.

Reduce a colored liquid to foam and it will be white. An ocean of ink would roll white breakers. May we not hope that the blackness of man, a tiny trifle before the white light of heaven, may lose its darkness in man's littleness and lowliness and reflect the full resplendence of God's mercy. Humility will make a saint, and let us trust that the vast tide of stained souls shall by their minuteness break white about the throne of the Most High.

LITERATURE

Rabindranath Tagore

MR. WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS was once a poet. But he never was a critic. Years ago he wrote a little essay about Lionel Johnson which is a veritable revelation of Mr. Yeats. He described that knight of song as a sort of esthetic antiquary, a delicate, dreamy creature, all velvet and stained glass and incense. Mr. Yeats was acquainted with Lionel Johnson; presumably he had read his poems. I wonder if he had read "The Cultured Fawn"?

Now, Mr. Yeats is so very bad as a critic that his criticisms have a certain picturesque charm. He is so heartily and consistently wrong! You can not argue with a man who praises Mr. Ezra Pound and condemns Tennyson. You merely laugh, and pass on to the next drollery.

Well, here it is. There is a poet and essayist whom Mr. Yeats ranks with Saint Francis and Thomas à Kempis and William Blake. It is a wierd combination, but it is Mr. Yeats's own. And the name of this paragon is Rabindranath Tagore.

No one will deny that Mr. Tagore is an able literary craftsman. He is not, as he has been called, the greatest living poet, but he is the most versatile writer living; he is almost as versatile as the late Andrew Lang. He writes in English as skilfully as in his native Bengali; his love-songs are graceful; his poems about children are whimsical and dainty; his one-act plays, although not strikingly original, are imaginative and dexterously put together; and his philosophical essays are thoughtful.

But Blake and Saint Francis and Thomas à Kempis! What have they to do with this talented Hindu? An enthusiastic young woman, reviewing Mr. Tagore's work in a New York newspaper, desired to go Mr. Yeats one better, and actually compared the subject of her critique to Joan of Arc, of all people!

Why is this? Why are all the ladies' clubs raving about the author of "Gitanjali" and "The Crescent Moon," why are popular Unitarian preachers enlivening their short and snappy services for tired business men by reading aloud "Chitra" and "Sadhana"? Why have Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company published Mr. Bassanta Koomar Roy's "Rabindranath Tagore, the Man and his Poetry" and why has The Macmillan Company published Mr. Ernest Rhys's "Rabindranath Tagore, a Biographical Study"?

It is not because Mr. Tagore received the Nobel Prize. It is not because he is nearly as clever a lyricist as Mr. Clinton Scollard and nearly as clever a playwright as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. It is because, in the first place, he is an East Indian; like that dear, dear Swami who tells you all about your "Aura" at those wonderful afternoons at Mrs. Van Dusenbury's! If Mr. Tagore had been born in Brooklyn, he would never be a fashionable poet. There is a quaint exotic aroma about his poems, like sandal-wood or stale cigarettes or the back room of a Chinese laundry. He writes about temple-bells and water-jars and the desert: it is all so nice and Oriental! And then he teaches such a comfortable philosophy: just have a good time and love everybody and your soul will migrate and migrate and migrate until finally it pops off into the Infinite! The pearl slips into the lotos; *om mani padmi oum* and all that sort of thing.

Well, that is all right in its way unless you happen to be a Christian. "Go to the dogs and be drunken," says Mr. Tagore. "Be drunken and go to the dogs." M. Beaudelaire gave the same advice, in a poem which this well-read poet may possibly have seen. But M. Beaudelaire was merely praised with faint damns for writing it. Mr. Tagore is

almost worshipped; he is hailed as a genius, a philosopher, a benefactor of the world, a religious leader, and—of course—a mystic.

Mr. Bassanta Koomar Roy has every right in the world to celebrate his compatriot and co-religionist. But the Americans and Englishmen who are humbly kneeling before the clever Oriental journalist who bids them "leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads," who would substitute fatalism for hope, Nirvana for heaven and a blue-faced lecher named Krishna for Jesus Christ; what in the name of common sense are they thinking about? Isn't there heathenism enough in this country already without importing a supply from India? Are we really so jaded and worn that we take a perverted pleasure in throwing away all our standards of conduct, all our traditions, all our faith?

The pessimistic observer of this craze might see in it an indication of our national decadence. But I think that he would be wrong. The fad chiefly flourishes among club-women and their male parasites, a class which fortunately is notoriously fickle. Some other novelty will come along, a Greek dancer or a Turkish fiddler, and Mr. Tagore's works will go up into the garret with the Ouija board and the ping-pong rackets.

But meanwhile I wish that Mr. Yeats would stop calling Mr. Tagore a mystic. It is so silly! Mystics don't commune with the Infinite and then sell their communings to a magazine. Mystics don't have their photographs taken for frontispieces of their biographies. Mystics don't get fifteen per cent. royalty on their meditations. If Mr. Yeats only would read a mystical work some day—he could buy a "De Imitatione Christi" for a shilling—he'd see how ridiculous it is to call Mr. Tagore a mystic. He might as well call him a Neo-Celt.

If people would stop calling Mr. Tagore a mystic, I wouldn't so much mind them calling him "the East Indian Whitman." That is not a true characterization, but it has an element of truth in it. Mr. Tagore's verses are like Whitman's in that they are exclamatory and unrhymed and un-rhythmical. It is like calling Whitman "the Good Gray Poet." That characterization, too, has an element of truth in it. For Whitman really was gray.

JOYCE KILMER.

REVIEWS

A History of Travel in America. By SEYMOUR DUNBAR. 4 Vols. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$10.00.

Happy ideas are the source of most of the new things that come from time to time to enrich mankind, and it was a happy idea of Mr. Dunbar's to compose the four volumes we are about to review. One travels in much comfort now-a-days. As we look out from our railway car, or from the deck of our steamer we get a vague notion often that others have passed over the ground or ploughed the waves before us under conditions very different from those we are enjoying; and Mr. Dunbar has given us the means of replacing the vague notes with clear knowledge. He carries us back to the flat boats, the keel boats, the arks, the canal boats, that went before the steamboat, and gives us a view of the still earlier canoe. He shows us our fathers in ox carts, Conestoga wagons, stage coaches, traveling two or three miles an hour and taking more than a day to go from Washington to Baltimore. He traces the gradual improvement in these until they reach a speed of ten miles an hour. He puts before us the beginnings of the railway. He takes us over various routes, combining stage coach, steamboat, canal boat and railway; as, for example, from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia in no more than forty-six hours, or from New York to New Orleans in a single week. We see in his pages what were the joys of canal boat travel and what too might be called its humors, were there not

such as to fill the modern reader with dismay and to make him wonder how his grandparents or great-grandparents could endure such things.

The generation of these New Yorkers who knew the Harlem Railway, starting from the City Hall, having a way station in Yorkville and carrying people beyond the river to Fordham and even to Croton Falls, is passing from us. Few also are left to remember how the New York and New Haven trains starting from the same place were pulled by horses over the Harlem tracks through pleasant suburban scenery as far out of town as the Thirty-fourth Street tunnel—still in use by the surface railway—where the engines were taken. But, thanks to this book, their children and grandchildren may see all these things, in picture as well as in print, and learn what Fourth Avenue and Thirty-third Street looked like in those days, with its trees and the old glass house, and the tunnel and Murray Hill beyond.

But the author does not stop with the means of travel. He gives in great detail the vast westward movements, beginning with the entrance of New England settlers into Connecticut. He tells of the gradual advance in New York and Pennsylvania, of the crossing of the Alleghanies, of the settlement of Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana and Illinois to the Mississippi; of the reaching out northwesterly into Wisconsin and Minnesota, and southwesterly into Georgia, Northern Alabama and the adjacent region. He takes us across the Missouri with the Mormons; he leads us over the Oregon Trail; with him we accompany the gold hunters, as they rush on to awaken California from its sleep of ages. He shows us the Pony Express, the Overland Stage until he leaves us at Promontory on the northern shore of Salt Lake, assisting at the driving of the last spike that completed the overland railway. In this part of his work he deals exhaustively with the treatment of the Indians by settlers and traders, and by governments, State and Federal. His sympathies are rightly with the injured natives, and his account is not pleasant reading for any one with a due sense of right and wrong.

For those who, like the reviewer, have known the farthest West from the time when it was a wilderness with a bare handful of settlers, the book has a peculiar interest. The forest clearing, the fields and the stumps left in them to rot, the log cabin with a skin of deer, or raccoon, or wolf, or panther, nailed to its side to dry in the sun, the grindstone at the door for axe and ploughshare, even the blockhouse for defense, the ox cart or the ox sled for places where no cart could go, traditions only for the rest of the country, were the realities of their early years. The pioneer's life in Kentucky or on Puget Sound differed in time and place only; for the rest they were the same.

That in a book of this nature omissions should be noticeable, is only to be expected. It seems that the West has been neglected. Not a word about the Northwest coast with its great sea-going canoes hollowed out of the huge white cedar, one of which the author might have seen in the Museum of Natural History, New York. In such a craft the reviewer saw a bride, a relative of his, embark at Victoria, B. C., nearly fifty years ago for a voyage northward of six hundred miles to her new home, over a route now traversed daily by steamers, some making their twenty miles an hour. Nothing of the pack trains that carried the necessities of life into the mines to be sold almost for their weight in gold. More might have been said of the Hudson River steamers, especially as the type is nearly extinct, and a word might have been given to the New World, the Antelope and the Wilson G. Hunt, that began life between New York and Albany, and after a wonderful voyage around the whole American Continent, finished their career only a few years ago on the Pacific Coast, having plied at various times on San Francisco Bay, the Sacramento, Puget Sound and the Columbia and Fraser Rivers. Neither has justice been done to the many changes of navigation on the Great Lakes, once covered with sailing ships, then with steamers of a type no longer seen, as they have been

succeeded by the great freighters and a mere dozen or so of huge passenger boats. We think, too, that the author is not altogether judicious in his selection of pictures. Thus in Volume I we have several from ancient sources. Of these one is said to represent a white traveler in a log canoe. But he will not be such very long, as an Indian is on the point of splitting his head with an axe. Another is called "Indians building birch canoes in a forest." They do not look like Indians; and, as a matter of fact, they reappear three pages further on as "White men traveling through the wilderness by bark canoe." A picture taken from an old French work, entitled "*Vaisseaux de l'Amérique*," should have been verified before insertion. We doubt very much whether double boats, such as were found in the Malay Archipelago, the Ladrões and the Fiji Islands, were ever used within the limits of the present United States. These, however, are but minor defects in a very interesting book.

H. W.

Natural Education. By WINIFRED SACKVILLE STONER. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.00.

Educating the Child at Home. By ELLA FRANCES LYNCH. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.00.

"Natural Education" is an excellent book for summer reading. With a charming lack of the critical spirit, it tells the story of the early life of Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jr. This little lady was first put to sleep by listening to the scansion of Vergil's "Æneid." "I also taught the black mammy to scan the first ten lines of Book I, and we both found that Vergil was more than a great poet, he was a baby pacifier." After six weeks in this vale of tears, from her cradle Winifred was treated to afternoons with the great poets. "She would lie very quietly and wear almost an angelic expression," writes her mother, "when I was repeating Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar,' but 'Horatius at the Bridge' seemed to inspire her to go to war as best she could with kicking feet and waving arms." At the age of two, she "astonished an art dealer by asking him why he didn't have a Venus de Milo in his shop as well as a Venus de Medici"; at four, "she lost faith in the wisdom of some professors," for an unlucky Latin teacher "gazed at her blankly," as well he might, when she greeted him with *Quid agis?* and spoke of the viands at table *ab ovo usque ad mala*; at five, "she recited 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' before a number of college professors at Chautauqua, New York." While Mrs. Stoner seems to think her language methods new, they are at least as old as the *Ratio Studiorum*; and it is sad to note that this unusually gifted child has been taught of set purpose, a creed equivalent to religious indifferentism. Mrs. Stoner's sophomoric remarks on eugenics may be dismissed with the remark that they will probably cause grief to many an earnest biologist.

Miss Lynch's book is of a different type. It will repay careful study, and will no doubt help parents "to start the child aright," and teachers, to keep him there. An overcrowded curriculum and lack of attention to the individual are, according to this book, the most obvious and, apparently, the most incurable faults of the modern school. The author's brief reflections on religious education are false both in theory and inference, and the bibliography would be improved by the omission of Spencer, Rousseau, Huxley, Key, Dewey, Eliot and McMurtry. P. L. B.

Ruysbroeck. By EVELYN UNDERHILL. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.00.

Miss Underhill has added an interesting volume to the "Quest Series." The book should arouse a deeper and more wide-spread appreciation of the difficult but fascinating subject with which it deals. For the unbroken line of her great mystics from St. Clement of Alexandria, St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure and Blessed Henry Suso, to St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross, is one of the marvels and the glories of the Catholic Church. It is truly remarkable, as the late Mgr.

Benson said, that the body which in the world's opinion stands for minute ceremonial and definite formalism, should unflinchingly hold up the contemplative life as the highest known to man. Among the mystics of the fourteenth century, John Ruysbroeck claims a place of honor. In the present volume Miss Underhill has drawn a striking portrait of this great Flemish contemplative. Based on the Life of Ruysbroeck by the Augustinian Canon Pomerius, a contemporary almost of the holy man, and solidly documented from Ruysbroeck's own writings and the best modern authorities, the monograph is a welcome addition to the rather meager literature of a most interesting phase of the human mind. A brief sketch of the man, a clear analysis of his works and the underlying principles of his mysticism, such as his doctrine of God, of Man, of the Interior and Superessential Life, give a fairly adequate idea of the saintly recluse of Groenendael.

An unmerited slur has been cast on the mysticism of Ruysbroeck. Some attempted to claim him as a forerunner of the Reformation. The title of Blessed conferred on him by the Church is the best refutation of the charge. Miss Underhill does not countenance the accusation. She tells us that Ruysbroeck "was no spiritual individualist; but the humble, obedient child of an institution, the loyal member of a society. He tells us again and again that his spiritual powers were nourished by the sacramental life of the Catholic Church. From the theologians of that Church came the intellectual framework in which his sublime intentions were expressed." Here and there a few expressions of the biographer lack the clearness and precision of Catholic philosophy and theology, but almost everywhere we recognize a firm and steady grasp of a very obscure and recondite subject. Miss Underhill admires Ruysbroeck, and realizes the beauty of the contemplative life. The great mystics, Ernest Hello used to say, are the world's greatest philosophers. The perusal of Miss Underhill's interesting volume where under the guidance of Ruysbroeck we fathom the depths of those great extremes, the human and the divine, will do much to prove that he was right.

J. C. R.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The "Incendium Amoris" of Richard Rolle of Hampole, the fourteenth century English mystic, edited by Margaret Deanesly, has been recently published by Longmans and that house now has in preparation a volume by Dr. Walter W. Seton entitled "Some New Sources from the Life of the Blessed Agnes of Bohemia, Including a Fourteenth Century Latin Version, and a Fifteenth Century German Version." Meanwhile Mr. Wilfrid Ward of 37 Belgrave Road, London, S. W., is getting ready a volume of the letters and papers of the late Father Maturin. The editor asks to be allowed to make copies of any of that distinguished convert's correspondence that may be found suitable for insertion in the book and would be glad to see notes that have been taken of his sermons or retreats.

Sir Gilbert Parker's "The World in the Crucible: an Account of the Origin and Conduct of the Great War" (Dodd, Mead, \$1.50) has been called by its publishers a deliberately written "book which will be more than an ephemeral expression of opinion." But with this description the judicious reader will hardly agree, for the author who naturally enough favors the Allies, seems to accept without misgivings all the "atrocities" tales with which the daily press has made us familiar and he uses his skill as a novelist to tell them graphically.—One evil result of the war has been to stimulate American interest in the decadent novelists of Russia. Michael Artzibashev's malodorous "Sanine," for example, received such favorable reviews from some of our representative journals that a "demand" has been

created for other books of his. Percy Pinkerton's translation of "The Millionaire" is doubtless a good one, but the story will do its readers nothing but harm.

In "The Song" by George P. Upton (McClurg, \$1.00), a very readable book has been produced, not for the professional musician, but for all who love the old songs. Songs of all kinds are discussed in this volume, including negro minstrelsy, sacred songs and patriotic songs, the latter kind receiving special attention, no doubt, because of the European war. The battle songs of the nations at war are given in full, not omitting even "Tipperary." From this chatty guide to the songs of all times and countries, a very good knowledge may be derived of the history of song.—"Fireside Melodies," Vol II (The Mission Press, Techny, Ill., \$0.15), continues the policy outlined in Vol. I., already noticed in AMERICA, of printing in a convenient form and at a low price the songs of other days that have become favorites and have proved their worth. The present volume contains twenty-five songs set to music which are meant to supersede the trashy stuff now being sung so widely.

The latest book of Louise M. Stacpoole Kenny is "The Story of St. Martin of Tours, Patron of France" (Herder, \$0.75). The author supplies youthful readers with an interesting account of that Hungarian soldier of the fourth century who died Bishop of Tours.—Marie Conrayville has written a rather flowery sketch of "St. Juliana Falconieri" (Benziger, \$0.30), who was so warm a lover of the Holy Eucharist.—"The Untroubled Mind" (Houghton, \$0.75) is an attractively-printed little book by Herbert J. Hall, M.D., a vague Deist, who advises his patients to avoid all worry but can give them few supernatural motives for doing so.—Recent "C. T. S." pamphlets which should be in the church vestibule are Allan Ross's "Fasting and Abstinence," M. M. C. Calthrop's "Lacordaire and Montalembert," Marie St. S. Ellerker's "Some Children of St. Dominic," the Rev. J. G. Vance's "The University of Louvain," the Rev. Daniel Hickey's "Antonio Rosmini," the Rev. F. E. Pritchard's "How to Follow the Mass" (for non-Catholics), and "A Simple Mass and Communion Book."

"Outdoor Sketching" (Scribner's, \$1.00), by F. Hopkinson Smith, with illustrations by the author, consists of lectures which he gave at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1914, and are entitled: Composition, Mass, Water Colors and Charcoal. The initiated will surely find delight and inspiration in these well-written talks, nor should the uninitiated think that there is no interest here for them. For it is not so much the technicalities of the artist that the author communicates as it is the enthusiasm of the man, an enthusiasm that kept him in the open and young since he was sixteen. Of course, too, the subject-matter, winding rivers or wooded hills or Turkish cities or the dust and the darkness of London, gave fine scope as well for the brush as for the pen that has been charming us for so many years with its sketches not only of outdoor life, but of the life that hides in human hearts. In these last of his printed words the author has left us a fine remembrance of the equilibrium of the true artist: balance of mind and heart and imagination. He always gave his readers not something perfect, perhaps, yet the best that was in him. It was the product of his whole personality.

"The Nutrition of a Household" (Houghton, \$1.00), by Edwin T. and Lilian Brewster, is an attempt to solve the problem of the "high cost of living." From its pages the efficient housewife is expected to learn something about food values, what kinds of fuel are needed for the proper working of the "human automobile," how much and why. Doubtless a careful study of the principles laid down, and their prac-

tical application, would lessen the amount of money necessary for the support of life. The authors evidence considerable familiarity with the chemistry of nutrition and are to be commended for incorporating in their work the results of recent scientific investigations. An appendix of forty pages contains tables for estimating and computing the nutrients of common foods. The intermixture in the text of "foreign words and phrases" suggests the use of the list at the end of the dictionary. As they add nothing of value, they had better been omitted. One regrets to observe, also, the use in the ninth and succeeding chapters of formulas for chemical compounds instead of the names of the compounds, as only a student in chemistry knows how to interpret the meaning of those formulas.

EDUCATION

The Bondage of Liberty

"WE are all agreed as to our own liberty," proclaimed the redoubtable Doctor Johnson on a memorable occasion; "we would have as much of it as we can get; but we are not agreed as to the liberty of others." And the worthy lexicographer drew his thirty-seventh cup of tea. "For in proportion as we take," he continued, "others must lose." Hence even as my orthodoxy is to the scoffer complete heterodoxy, so in the view of the creator of the Dictionary, my liberty is your slavery. And such in reality it is, but only in a degree, for it is something more; it is my slavery as well. I can not attain it, hold it, without subjecting myself to the domination of a ruling and guiding power.

A TRANSFER OF OBEDIENCE

George Eliot philosophized correctly when she said that the laws of harmony were enough to show that freedom "can be naught but the transfer of obedience from the will of one man, or of a few men, to that which is the norm or rule for all men." In this she reechoed the dictum of Boethius that "to be obedient to justice is the very height of liberty." But this is the doctrine of ancients now long dead. In our own day Boethius and George Eliot are hopelessly out of date. In his famous letter to the Duke of Norfolk, Newman described what the pseudo-scientist of his day considered freedom. It claimed for every man "to be his own master in all things and to profess what he pleases, asking no one's leave, and accounting priest or preacher, speaker or writer, unutterably impertinent who dares to say a word against his going to perdition, if he like it, in his own way." In Ruskin's strong language, this is the freedom "by which the luxurious mean license and the reckless mean change; by which the rogue means rapine and the fool equality; by which the proud mean anarchy and the malignant mean violence."

IS THE INTELLECT FREE?

This is a Declaration of Rights, more radical than any proclaimed in the hot days of the French Revolution; but that it is a modern program, few acquainted with the trend of modern thought will deny. True, in our softer day it has been modified by the demands of courtesy and social usage; and while one may not, save at the expense of etiquette, deafen my ears with the utterance of his offensive theories, he is perfectly free to pour them into ears that are willing to listen. Freedom of thought and freedom of speech have been proclaimed a "sacred heritage"; their exercise a duty, rather than a privilege. The modern university has been canonized as the guardian of this two-fold freedom; the modern press is its prophet. Be it so. The mental balance of the ruling class, those whom Lincoln grouped as "the

common people," is admirable, and not to be overturned by pigmies. Yet he who first preached the doctrine that the intellect is free, surely deserved the faggot, or, by a milder interpretation of his vagaries, the mad-house: for of all modern philosophical heresies, the most malign in its consequences, next to the denial of the freedom of the will, is the doctrine that you and I, by reason of our very natures, are free to think as we please, and retain our place in the ranks of the sane. "Well, such is my opinion," is an excuse, or even a defense, often heard in this easy day, so readily contented with mere views, "and I have a perfect right to form my own opinions, and to state them." Thus, dispensing with the evidence in the case, is the juncture made between the "right" to think as one pleases and the "right" to state the content of this opinion without restraint.

INTOLERANT TRUTH

Few serious thinkers, however, unless they be bald Determinists, and these can not and do not claim to be "thinkers" but only followers in a set groove, choose to defend the thesis that the intellect is free. The human intellect is bound by Truth, and Truth is an imperious mistress, jealous and bigoted. Certainly, by reason of my free will I may decline to consider the famous mathematical task proposed to Alice by Humpty Dumpty:

$$\begin{array}{r} 365 \\ 1 \\ \hline 364 \end{array}$$

but my intellect, once engaged in the problem, can not think as it chooses about the inevitable result. It must work according to the law of its being, which is to seek and embrace the truth, brought within its purview by objective evidence. It may be broadmindedness to consider that 365 minus 1 is 363 or 366, but it is likewise foolishness, as most paraded broadmindedness will be found to be upon consideration. Truth is essentially intolerant. Modern philosophy has extricated itself from this difficulty by advancing the position that truth can not be attained by the faculty which some are pleased to term the intellect; or that truth is so unstable a thing as to change its very being from day to day; that he therefore is a wise man, and he alone, who holds to the single dogma that what is truth to-day may be found arrant falsehood to-morrow.

FREE SPEECH AND ACTION

Granted that one is free to think as he chooses, it is difficult to understand, save on the single general ground of public policy, how any restriction of the individual's liberty to utter these opinions in speech or writing can be tolerated. Indeed, if it be allowed that the individual may judge for himself what is right or wrong, fit or improper, quite without reference to the laws of the mind or to the higher law of conscience, not even public policy may be licitly invoked to check the excesses which this individual may consider himself bound to promote amongst his fellows. Newman has clearly set forth the practical working of the pernicious principles advocated by Mill in his "Essay on Liberty":

No immoral doctrines, plays, poems, novels, conduct, acts, may be visited by the reprobation of public opinion; nothing must be put down, I do not say by the laws, but even by society, by the press, by religious influence, merely on the ground of shocking the decency and modesty of a Christian community. Nay, the police must not visit Holywell Street, nor a license be necessary for dancing-rooms; but the most revolting atrocities of heathen times and countries must for conscience sake be allowed free exercise in our great cities. Averted looks indeed and silent disgust is admissible against them, but nothing of a more energetic character.

THE MODERN PROGRAM

Newman doubtless thought that in these bitter words he was stating a proposition which every decent citizen would reject. Had he lived to our day, he would have found it the ground-principle, underlying and sustaining the work of many a modern sociologist and self-styled educator. Sudermann writes his degrading tragedies in the name of morality; Brieux would reform the world by unmasking a clinic; even Zola claimed to be the prophet of a new religion, and Flaubert thought to lift man to the infinite through fleshly love. Such, at least, was the message which they delivered with an admirable seriousness; and as such has it been accepted by the crowds who believe that a personal conviction boldly stated may rightly claim a hearing, irrespective of its content. Yet granting the inaccessibility of truth to the intellect, their position is logically correct. If we can not have truth, let us have, at least, views.

The temper of the times, writes Mr. W. S. Lilly, is anarchical in the proper sense of the word. Liberty is a sound that falls pleasantly on the ear; we forget that liberty can not exist without law, that rights are strictly conditioned by duties. Montesquieu wisely thought that "political liberty does not consist in a man doing what he wishes but in being able to do what he ought to wish." We are attempting to do the impossible when we strive to reconcile the categorical imperative bound up in Montesquieu's "ought," with the modern license in thought and manners miscalled liberty. Freedom, rightly understood, was, in the opinion of Coleridge, only a universal license "to be good." Liberty of thought is conditioned by the duty to think rightly. Disregard of the laws of thought and of the limits imposed upon the intellect by its very nature, must end, not in serene and profitable thought, but in the welter of intellectual anarchy.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

A Recent Ruling on the Catholic Indian Schools

THE Comptroller of the Treasury, George E. Downey, has rendered an opinion which will prevent the use of Indian tribal funds for the support and education of children in four Oklahoma Catholic mission schools. The tribes affected by this decision are the Choctaw and Chickasaw; the schools affected are the Catholic institutions of Antlers, Ardmore, Purcell and Chickasha. The opinion is insisted upon in spite of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the well-known case of *Quickbear vs. Leupp*, which upholds the legality of the use of Indian tribal funds for the support and education of Indian children in mission schools.

A LEGAL TECHNICALITY

The opinion is based on a technicality in the law affecting the funds of the Choctaws and Chickasaws, and will be enforced over the protest of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, which submitted a brief in defense of the mission schools in question, prepared by its legal adviser, former Attorney General Charles J. Bonaparte.

The Choctaws and Chickasaws have always patronized mission schools, in connection with their system of tribal schools. This custom has been continued up to the present time by the United States authorities, so that the mission schools are in reality a part of the tribal school system. The Choctaws and Chickasaws have not only patronized the Catholic schools, but in former years they aided a great many Protestant schools. There are to-day in the Choctaw nation several of these schools, although the Indian Office

refers to these particular institutions not as "Presbyterian schools," which in fact they are, but as "private schools."

THE COMPTROLLER'S DECISION

The legal status of the schools of the Choctaws and Chickasaws has not been changed within the last year. The Comptroller, however, has taken the position that the act affecting the Choctaw and Chickasaw funds does not justify their use for tribal schools. But the Indian Office, supported by the Choctaw and Chickasaw tribal authorities and the representatives from Oklahoma, made it clear to the Comptroller that it was the intention of the tribes and of Congress that the school system of these two tribes should be continued until the "Atoka Agreement," which provides for the continuance of the tribal schools, until such time as the State of Oklahoma shall have made adequate educational provision for all Choctaw Chickasaw children, shall have been fully carried out. Accordingly, the Comptroller permitted the use of the funds in question for the tribal schools for the fiscal year 1915, and the Indian Office, in accordance with the old tribal custom and its own continuous practice, during the fiscal year 1915, paid for the support and education of the Indian children in mission schools out of the tribal funds.

DELICATE CONSCIENCES

In the Indian Appropriation Bill for the fiscal year 1916, a provision was inserted which met the objection of the Comptroller against using the Choctaw and Chickasaw funds for the support of tribal schools of those tribes. But as the bill failed to become a law this provision, of course, did not go into effect. Congress, however, by joint resolution, provided for the extending of the appropriations for the fiscal year 1915 through the fiscal year 1916; and once more the Indian Office appealed to the Comptroller for permission to continue the schools of the tribes in question. But the Commissioner of Indian Affairs apparently had become imbued with some very delicate scruples of conscience, and he questioned the Comptroller explicitly in regard to the use of the Choctaw and Chickasaw funds in schools other than the Government schools, i. e., mission schools. The Comptroller granted permission for the use of tribal funds for the Government schools, but his delicacy of conscience appears to have prevented him from granting the same privilege to the non-Government or mission schools. The result is that a great number of Choctaw and Chickasaw children will suffer from the delicacy of conscience of two very important Government officials.

Thus four Catholic schools are practically pushed to the wall, and there are indications that, before the lapse of many months, several others will share the same fate. It is not deemed inappropriate to say that, while only a few Protestant schools will be affected by the Comptroller's decision, the Churches conducting these schools can easily support them luxuriously because of the fact that they are so few. *Probably* the Comptroller and the Commissioner are relying on this fact to make their action plausible and palatable to Catholics, a hypocritical color of fair play and even dealing.

E. L. T.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Mexican revolution has driven to our shores an artist-priest who has a studio in New York City. Shawnee, Oklahoma also has an artist-priest, Father Gregory Gerrer of the Benedictine Order, who has been in the United States since 1872. He is at present engaged in executing a series of paintings for a Chicago church. Immediately after his art studies in France and Italy he received his first important commission. Later in company

with the eminent artists, Chartran, Thaddeus, Laszlo and Schiffoni he obtained permission to execute a portrait of the late Pope Pius X. When the portraits were finished the one chosen was Father Gerrer's; it now hangs in the Vatican gallery.

Rev. William F. Dooley, S.J., President of the University of Detroit, died in New York, on July 7. Father Dooley was born in Chicago in 1872, and was educated in St. Ignatius College, now Loyola University, Chicago, and in St. Louis University. By his services as Dean of the Faculty of Creighton University, Omaha, from 1908 to 1911, Father Dooley became widely known throughout the Middle West. In July, 1911, he was made President of Detroit University, to which he added schools of law and engineering. A man of varied gifts, Father Dooley gave his whole life to the cause of education.

A recent issue of the *New York Evening Sun* informs the expectant public that:

Propagation of Catholic faith and practice is the aim of the newly organized Catholic Laymen's Guild of America, which consists of male communicants over 18 years old of the American Catholic Church, the present title of which is the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

Such a propagation is much to be desired, but it is a mystery how Protestantism and Catholicism can be so easily reconciled. The best way for the "Catholic Laymen's Guild" to attain its desire is "to come over to Rome" immediately. Thus would logic be vindicated, consciences eased, hearts consoled and God glorified by a lasting propagation of the whole truth for which Christ died.

It would be well for editors and authors who are so deeply concerned with Papal neutrality to reflect on the recent action of the Holy See regarding Poland. In a letter to the Archbishop of Cracow, enclosing a large sum of money, Cardinal Gasparri says:

The squalor in which the entire people of Poland languishes—people who more than any other have suffered from the sad consequences of the war—has filled with immense grief the paternal heart of the Pontiff, especially as the latest news indicates an increase in the mournful gravity of the situation.

The Papal offering, says the Cardinal, is intended for the whole of Poland, whether under Austria, Germany, or Russia, and is sent to the Archbishop of Cracow because it is easiest to communicate with him. The great peace preachers that have appeared since the war broke out, find that an attack on the attitude of the Papacy toward the warring nations makes good copy for the press. The public has not yet been told how much of the literary wage has gone to the suffering nations. It is cheap to talk peace; rather expensive and not at all sensational to act peace as the Vatican has done.

Dr. Sarah M. Hobson who is secretary of the American Institute of Homeopathy discussed a paper on "Twilight Sleep" at a meeting of the Obstetrical Society in Chicago on July 2. The demand by mothers for twilight sleep is but a part of the feminist movement, was her contention. Those who have the true rights of woman at heart will never subscribe to this, for it is nothing but a drive at the responsibilities of motherhood. They will rather weigh well the address of Dr. Albert Ogle of Indianapolis who fearlessly told the members of the American Institute that at the very beginning of married life the foundations of the home and all future happiness are seriously menaced by the "pernicious education" of young wives shirking their responsibilities.

On June 24 a unique ceremony took place in the Catholic Church at Annapolis, Acadia, in commemoration of the baptism of Memberton, chief of the Micmac Indians, an event which

occurred on the feast of St. John the Baptist, 1610. A memorial was erected in the form of a set of Stations of the Cross. The pictures for these were painted by Gabriel Pippet, the illustrator of some of Mgr. Benson's books; the frames for the pictures were made by a Micmac Indian, from the wood of an apple tree planted by one of the early French settlers. In addition to the Stations a brass tablet was set up, bearing this inscription:

This tablet and the Stations of the Cross in this church are a memorial of the baptism at Port Royal, (now Annapolis Royal) on St. John the Baptist's day, June 24th, A. D., 1610, of Henri Memberton, chief of the Micmac Indians, and his family, the first fruits of the Catholic missions and the beginning of Christianity in Canada. Erected A. D., 1915. *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.*

The Indians took a prominent part in all the ceremonies, Chief Joseph Labrador unveiling the tablet. Representatives of the historical societies of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, of the Dominion archives and of the Catholic Truth Society were present in large numbers.

Italy has called 18,000 priests to the colors: the total number of ecclesiastics under service is double that number. Though many priests have been assigned duties as chaplains, in the ambulance, in the hospitals, etc., yet very many will be combatants, a sad position for men consecrated to works of mercy and love. All chaplains are under the jurisdiction of a Bishop Chaplain-in-Chief, Mgr. Angelo Bartolomasi, Auxiliary to the Cardinal Archbishop of Turin. In the decree for this appointment, priests in the army are told to obey Mgr. Bartolomasi as their proper Ordinary, in the exercise of their priestly functions, and from him alone must they seek advice and direction should doubts arise concerning the exercise of their sacred ministry. This is but an instance of the Holy Father's solicitude for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers of the warring nations, irrespective of nationality.

The death of the Most Rev. James Edward Quigley, who passed away at Rochester, July 10, deprives the Province of Chicago of its second Archbishop. Archbishop Quigley was born at Oshawa, Ontario, of Irish-Canadian parents on October 15, 1854. He attended St. Joseph's College in Buffalo, from which he was graduated in 1872. In the same year he qualified in a competitive examination to enter West Point, but relinquished the idea of a military career to study for the Church. With this end in view he entered Niagara University, and the following year went to the University of Innsbruck in the Austrian Tyrol where he finished his course in 1874, and thence to Rome, where, having completed his studies at the College of the Propaganda he received the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology, and was ordained to the priesthood on April 12, 1879. The same year he was appointed rector of St. Vincent's Church, Attica, N. Y., and in 1884 received the appointment to the pastorate of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Buffalo, and was consecrated Bishop of Buffalo, on February 24, 1897. The episcopate of Bishop Quigley was marked by his public spirit. His zeal for the welfare of the laboring classes, his mediation in the Buffalo dock strike in 1899, and his strong pronouncements on Socialism made the bishop a power both in the ecclesiastical and in the civil sphere. He was appointed Archbishop of Chicago by Pope Leo XIII, on March 10, 1903. Archbishop Quigley played an important part in the spiritual welfare of that city. His care for the needs of his polyglot diocese caused the appointment of Mgr. Paul Rhode as auxiliary bishop to take charge of the 250,000 Polish Catholics. The archbishop was a prominent mover in the work undertaken for the relief of the suffering Mexican priests and religious, and as Chancellor of the Catholic Church Extension Society he was instrumental in extending and defending the Faith wherever the activities of the Society are promoted.